POEMS OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

NEW YORK
THOMAS Y. CROWELL
COMPANY

THE POEMS

OF

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

NEW YORK
THOMAS Y CROWELL COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

To

CHARLES WENTWORTH UPHAM

THE FOLLOWING

METRICAL ESSAY

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

THE AUTHOR TO THE PUBLISHERS.

I THANK you for the pains you have taken to bring together the poems now added to this collection; one of them having been accidentally omitted and the existence of the others forgotten. So many productions which bear the plain marks of immaturity and inexperience have been allowed to remain, because they were in the earlier editions, that a few occasional and careless stanzas may be added to their company without any apology. I have no doubt you are right in thinking that there is no harm in allowing a few crudities to keep their place among the rest; for, as you suggest, the readers of a book are of various ages and tastes, and what sounds altogether schoolboy-like to the author may be very author-like to the schoolboy. Some of the more questionable extravagances to be found in the earlier portion of the volume have, as I learn,

POEMS ADDED SINCE THE FIRST EDITION

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, doctor, inventor, professor, wit, autocrat, and poet, was born on Tuesday the 29th of August, 1809. A sign of equality against that date with the prophetic prediction — pleasant — of the contemporary weather-prophet in an almanac refers to an entry made by the Rev Abiel Holmes at the foot of the August page "= 29 Son b" The actual sands — not of time, but of the blotter — had not up to within a few years been shaken off· as Dr. Holmes wrote in a letter "There the black sand *glitters still*"

He was a descendant of John Holmes who settled in Woodstock, Connecticut, in 1686, set up a sawmill and fulling-mill and presented the town with its Common His son was a deacon, and that is all that is known of him; his grandson a captain in the "Old French War" and a surgeon in the Revolutionary War; his great-grandson Abiel was a graduate of Yale, married a daughter of President Stiles, and was settled over a parish in Georgia. In 1791 he became minister of the First Congregational church in Cambridge, and ten years later married for his second wife

father's Connecticut Calvinism had been considerably modified by contact with the liberal ministers in the vicinity of Boston, and particularly by his marriage into the Wendell family Dr. Holmes says in a brief autobiographical sketch that he had an old worn-out catechism as his text-book *on* the *one* hand, and a Unitarian atmosphere on the other as soon as he stepped out of his door. Instead of going to his father's college, he was sent to Harvard

He gives an amusing account of his boyish reading. He said he read few books through One that he successfully mastered stood out as a triumph of thoroughness, but generally he browsed in books Rees's "Encyclopædia" formed a considerable part of this; he declares that he never read one sermon of his own accord, and though his father did his best to keep books of questionable teaching from him, he had "a kind of Indian sagacity in the discovery of contrabrand reading" The narrowness and exclusiveness of the teaching he found in the Rev Thomas Scott's Family Bible waked him up more than anything to "the enormities of the creed he represented," and "Pilgrim's Progress" "made the system of which it was the exponent more unreasonable and more repulsive instead of rendering it more attractive"

A peep through the telescope on the Common also early served to alter his whole notion of the universe He says all his human sentiments, all his religious beliefs, all his conception of his relation in space, seemed to undergo a change, and he came to the conclusion that "this colony of the universe is an

order and the frigate *Constitution* still floats to this day, as a living proof of the power of poetry!

It is rather amusing, and also pathetic, to find Holmes lamenting what most intellectual young men have ever lamented, — that college was not giving him what he expected. "I will tell you honestly," he wrote, "I am sick at heart of this place, and almost everything connected with it" He yearned for "female companionship!" If only there was "a cherry-cheeked kitchen-girl to romance with, occasionally," he cries, "but alas, nothing but vinegar-faced old maids and drawing-room sentimentalists!" and he adds, "I do believe I never shall be contented till I get the undisputable mastery of a petticoat!"

The undergraduates had started a monthly, called *The Collegian*, and Dr Holmes contributed several articles to the early numbers, among them the poems "The Dorchester Giant," "The Spectre Pig," and "Reflections of a Proud Pedestrian," all of which are still treasured by readers of Holmes The year at the Law School was an experiment, and he was glad to exchange that profession for medicine He studied for a time in the private school of Dr James Jackson, then went to Paris, where he saw little outside hospitals and lecture-rooms He afterward regretted not having taken pains to meet the great writers of the day. He regretted, also, that much of his time was frittered away in ill-directed study: but he at least learned "the uncertainties of medical observation," and his mind was opened to every influence He felt that France was half a century in advance of

ria, is still valuable, while his essay on the contagiousness of puerperal fever[1] was epoch-making, and placed Dr. Holmes in the front rank of those who have benefited their fellow-men He was bitterly assailed by the leading obstetricians of the country, but he did not lose his temper, and his behavior under the bigoted attacks of this profession was noble indeed. "No man," he said, "makes a quarrel with me over the counterpane that covers a mother with her new-born infant at her breast." And with delightful wit, referring to the students that sided with their instructors, he called them "babes in knowledge, not yet able to tell the breast from the bottle, pumping away for the milk of truth at all that offers, were it nothing better than a professor's shrivelled forefinger"

The necessity for isolating cases of this dreadful disease at last was recognized, and this step forward in the march of civilization was due to Dr Holmes

In 1838, he wrote his friend Barnes that he had flirted and written poetry long enough, and wished he were married. In June, 1840, he made his selection from among "several very nice young women" whom he "had in his eye," and became what he called a "hymeneal victim" He married Amelia Lee Jackson, daughter of the Honorable Charles Jackson, Associate Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Boston Her nephew gives her a most beautiful tribute in his *life of Dr Holmes* He says she had every estimable and attractive quality of mind and charac-

[1] Published in 1843 under the title, "Puerperal Fever as a Private Pestilence," republished in pamphlet in 1855.

wealth of illustration, comparison, and simile. His wit was always flashing, but he could also be pathetic and serious.

Dr. Holmes was one of the first American physicians to make use of the microscope. He brought one home with him from Europe, and, as he had a natural bent toward everything ingenious, he delighted in experimenting with it. It is rather odd that, with his advanced notions, he should have sided with the opponents of the measure to admit women to the Harvard Medical School. At the same time, he declared he was willing to teach women anatomy, provided they were by themselves, and had their own dissecting-room. And in 1871 he wrote that he was in favor of women in "woman's diseases and in midwifery"

Dr. Holmes soon relinquished regular practice, and divided his time between his professorship and literature It was the day of the lyceum, and he was popular as a lecturer. The trials of this wandering Arab life in these early days have been described by nearly all its victims; only the hard necessity of earning extra dollars would have driven Holmes to it. He gave a course of twelve lectures on the English poets, and at the end of each he read some verses of his own. They were very kindly received Dr Holmes was almost fifty when the *Atlantic* was founded by Phillips, Samson, and Company, with James Russell Lowell as its first editor, one stipulation of whose acceptance was that Dr Holmes should be the first contributor to be engaged Dr Holmes had

wealth of illustration, comparison, and simile. His wit was always flashing, but he could also be pathetic and serious.

Dr. Holmes was one of the first American physicians to make use of the microscope. He brought one home with him from Europe, and, as he had a natural bent toward everything ingenious, he delighted in experimenting with it. It is rather odd that, with his advanced notions, he should have sided with the opponents of the measure to admit women to the Harvard Medical School. At the same time, he declared he was willing to teach women anatomy, provided they were by themselves, and had their own dissecting-room And in 1871 he wrote that he was in favor of women in "woman's diseases and in midwifery."

Dr. Holmes soon relinquished regular practice, and divided his time between his professorship and literature. It was the day of the lyceum, and he was popular as a lecturer. The trials of this wandering Arab life in these early days have been described by nearly all its victims; only the hard necessity of earning extra dollars would have driven Holmes to it He gave a course of twelve lectures on the English poets, and at the end of each he read some verses of his own. They were very kindly received Dr Holmes was almost fifty when the *Atlantic* was founded by Phillips, Samson, and Company, with James Russell Lowell as its first editor, one stipulation of whose acceptance was that Dr Holmes should be the first contributor to be engaged Dr Holmes had

Longfellow, Lowell, Motley, Sumner, Whittier, and some dozens of others, most of whom were frequent or occasional contributors to the *Atlantic*. It is said that Holmes talked better than he wrote. What then must have been the brilliancy of his recluse brother John, of whom it was said that he outshone the autocrat.

The "Autocrat" was followed in 1860 by the "Professor of the Breakfast Table" and then, in 1871, after a silence of eleven years, came the "Poet" Mr. Morse says, "When the doctor undertook to compete with himself he met a formidable rival" And he adds with equal wisdom and humor, "The three volumes stand as the Breakfast Table Series, like the three successive pressings of the grapes from an illustrious vineyard."

Dr. Holmes also wrote three novels: "Elsie Venner (1861), a Romance of Destiny" with its—to many—disagreeable snake-motif; "The Guardian Angel" (1867), which was the best of the three; and "A Mortal Antipathy," written in 1884, when his inventive faculties were on the wane. He also wrote three biographies,—of Motley, of Dr. Jeffreys, and of Emerson, the last being the only one of real importance His occasional poems are almost innumerable, and rarely was an event of local interest, such as an anniversary, or a visit from a distinguished foreigner, allowed to pass without the little doctor chirping out an improvisation, full of apt allusion and sparkling wit Dr Holmes's attitude toward public questions is largely explained in a long letter which he wrote in 1846 to

thirty-five years, and looked forward to a period of leisure during which he might devote himself to his literary pursuits He was made professor emeritus.

After the death of Emerson, Dr Holmes was selected to write his biography for the American Men of Letters series It was an odd choice, because, although, as Mr. Morse says, the two men were bred from like stock, belonged to the same generation, lived amid the same surroundings, were both "engaged in knocking off the fetters of old thought and belief," yet they were a hemisphere apart from almost every point of view. Though he did his best to study Emerson dispassionately, and had known and respected him for years, the biography is not regarded as a very notable production, nor did it add to his reputation.

In April, 1886, Dr Holmes, accompanied by his daughter, Mrs Turner Sargent, made a trip abroad which he shortly afterward described in his book entitled "Our Hundred Days in Europe" It was the first time he had been in England since his student days, and now he returned something like a conqueror. Cambridge make him Doctor of Letters, Oxford made him D C L., and Edinburgh doubled his LL D Everywhere he was received with homage, and almost murdered with social attentions

On his return to Boston he began his new series of papers, "Over the Tea-Cups," the title of which had occurred to him long before It was most gratifyingly received, for he had felt doubtful whether the wintry products of his freezing wits, squeezed out "at three score and twenty," would meet acceptation. But the

pure and unalloyed wit which no one could resist; but his serious contributions to literature and to science are scarcely less remarkable.

His industry was indefatigable. He was always busy His inventive mind, which so quickly saw the value of the microscope, quickly applied its principles to the little toy known as the stereoscope, which if he had patented it would have brought him a fortune He knew the practical part of bookbinding, he was a skilful photographer before the days when one had only to press the button and let the kodak do the rest; he was authority on botany and arboriculture, and knew the dimensions of all the great trees of New England. He was fond of music, was always seen at the Symphony rehearsals, that weekly act of worship of all good Bostonians, and he taught himself to play the violin, he made his own anatomical charts, and he was always ready to respond to all demands on his time and energies

Long will his memory be treasured by the English-reading world, and there is much in his works that will be read as literature when another century shall have been garnered by Father Time.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

POETRY;

A METRICAL ESSAY.

Scenes of my youth![1] awake its slumbering
fire!
Ye winds of Memory, sweep the silent lyre!
Ray of the past, if yet thou canst appear,
Break through the clouds of Fancy's waning
year;
Chase from her breast the thin autumnal snow,
If leaf or blossom still is fresh below!

Long have I wandered, the returning tide
Brought back an exile to his cradle's side,
And as my bark her time-worn flag unrolled,
To greet the land breeze with its faded fold,
So, in remembrance of my boyhood's time,
I lift these ensigns of neglected rhyme;—

But every sunbeam, falling from her throne,
Wears, on our hearts, some coloring of our own;
Chilled in the slave, and burning in the free,
Like the sealed cavern by the sparkling sea;
Lost, like the lightning in the sullen clod,
Or shedding radiance, like the smiles of God,
Pure, pale in Virtue, as the star above,
Or quivering roseate on the leaves of Love;
Glaring like noontide, where it glows upon
Ambition's sands, — the desert in the sun;
Or soft suffusing o'er the varied scene
Life's common coloring, — intellectual green.

Thus Heaven, repeating its material plan,
Arched over all the rainbow mind of man;
But he who, blind to universal laws,
Sees but effects, unconscious of their cause, —
Believes each image in itself is bright,
Not robed in drapery of reflected light, —
Is like the rustic who, amidst his toil,
Has found some crystal in his meagre soil,
And, lost in rapture, thinks for him alone
Earth worked her wonders on the sparkling stone,

He, whose thoughts differing not in shape, but dress,
What others feel, more fitly can express,
Sits like the maniac on his fancied throne,
Peeps through the bars, and calls the world his own.

There breathes no being but has some pretence
To that fine instinct called poetic sense;
The rudest savage roaming through the wild,
The simplest rustic, bending o'er his child,
The infant listening to the warbling bird,
The mother smiling at its half-formed word;
The boy uncaged, who tracks the fields at large,
The girl, turned matron to her babe-like charge;
The freeman, casting with unpurchased hand
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land;
The slave, who, slumbering on his rusted chain,
Dreams of the palm trees on his burning plain,
The hot-cheeked reveller, tossing down the wine,
To join the chorus pealing "Auld lang syne";

He, whose thoughts differing not in shape,
but dress,
What others feel, more fitly can express,
Sits like the maniac on his fancied throne,
Peeps through the bars, and calls the world
his own.

There breathes no being but has some pretence
To that fine instinct called poetic sense;
The rudest savage roaming through the wild,
The simplest rustic, bending o'er his child,
The infant listening to the warbling bird,
The mother smiling at its half-formed word;
The boy uncaged, who tracks the fields at large,
The girl, turned matron to her babe-like
charge;
The freeman, casting with unpurchased hand
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land,
The slave, who, slumbering on his rusted chain,
Dreams of the palm trees on his burning plain,
The hot-cheeked reveller, tossing down the
wine,
To join the chorus pealing "Auld lang syne";

He, whose thoughts differing not in shape, but dress,
What others feel, more fitly can express,
Sits like the maniac on his fancied throne,
Peeps through the bars, and calls the world his own.

There breathes no being but has some pretence
To that fine instinct called poetic sense;
The rudest savage roaming through the wild,
The simplest rustic, bending o'er his child,
The infant listening to the warbling bird,
The mother smiling at its half-formed word;
The boy uncaged, who tracks the fields at large,
The girl, turned matron to her babe-like charge;
The freeman, casting with unpurchased hand
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land;
The slave, who, slumbering on his rusted chain,
Dreams of the palm trees on his burning plain,
The hot-cheeked reveller, tossing down the wine,
To join the chorus pealing "Auld lang syne";

Then all are poets; and, if earth had rolled
Her myriad centuries, and her doom were told,
Each moaning billow of her shoreless wave
Would wail its requiem o'er a poet's grave!

If to embody in a breathing word
Tones that the spirit trembled when it heard;
To fix the image all unveiled and warm,
And carve in language its ethereal form,
So pure, so perfect, that the lines express
No meagre shrinking, no unlaced excess;
To feel that art, in living truth, has taught
Ourselves, reflected in the sculptured thought, —
If this alone bestow the right to claim
The deathless garland and the sacred name;
Then none are poets, save the saints on high,
Whose harps can murmur all that words deny!

But though to none is granted to reveal,
In perfect semblance, all that each may feel,
As withered flowers recall forgotten love,
So, warmed to life, our faded passions move
In every line, where kindling fancy throws
The gleam of pleasures, or the shade of woes

And, fresh transfused, the Iliad thrills again
From Albion's cliffs as o'er Achaia's plain!
The proud heroic, with its pulse-like beat,
Rings like the cymbals clashing as they meet;
The sweet Spenserian, gathering as it flows,
Sweeps gently onward to its dying close,
Where waves on waves in long sucession pour,
Till the ninth billow melts along the shore;
The lonely spirit of the mournful lay,
Which lives immortal as the verse of Gray,
In sable plumage slowly drifts along,
On eagle pinion, through the air of song;
The glittering lyric bounds elastic by,
With flashing ringlets and exulting eye,
While every image, in her airy whirl,
Gleams like a diamond on a dancing girl![2]

Born with mankind, with man's expanded range
And varying fates the poet's numbers change;
Thus in his history may we hope to find
Some clearer epochs of the poet's mind,
As from the cradle of its birth we trace,
Slow wandering forth, the patriarchal race.

Nay, in thyself, whate'er may be thy fate,
Pallid with toil, or surfeited with state,
Mark how thy fancies, with the vernal rose,
Awake, all sweetness, from their long repose;
Then turn to ponder o'er the classic page,
Traced with the idyls of a greener age,
And learn the instinct which arose to warm
Art's earliest essay, and her simplest form.

To themes like these her narrow path confined
The first-born impulse moving in the mind;
In vales unshaken by the trumpet's sound,
Where peaceful Labor tills his fertile ground,
The silent changes of the rolling years,
Marked on the soil, or dialled on the spheres,
The crested forests and the colored flowers,
The dewy grottos and the blushing bowers,
These, and their guardians, who, with liquid names,
Strephons and Chloes, melt in mutual flames,
Woo the young Muses from their mountain shade,
To make Arcadias in the lonely glade.

Tired of their wanderings, still can deign to see
Love, hopes, and friendship, centring all in thee!

And thou, my village! as again I tread
Amidst thy living, and above thy dead;
Though some fair playmates guard with chaster fears
Their cheeks, grown holy with the lapse of years;
Though with the dust some reverend locks may blend,
Where life's last mile-stone marks the journey's end;
On every bud the changing year recalls,
The brightening glance of morning memory falls,
Still following onward as the months unclose
The balmy lilac or the bridal rose;
And still shall follow, till they sink once more
Beneath the snow-drifts of the frozen shore,
As when my bark, long tossing in the gale,
Furled in her port her tempest-rended sail!

The field swept naked of its garnered sheaves;
So wastes at noon the promise of our dawn,
The springs all choking, and the harvest gone.

Yet hear the lay of one whose natal star
Still seemed the brightest when it shone afar;
Whose cheek, grown pallid with ungracious
toil,
Glows in the welcome of his parent soil;
And ask no garlands sought beyond the tide,
But take the leaflets gathered at your side.

OUR ancient church! its lowly tower,
Beneath the loftier spire,
Is shadowed when the sunset hour
Clothes the tall shaft in fire,
It sinks beyond the distant eye,
Long ere the glittering vane,
High wheeling in the western sky,
Has faded o'er the plain.

Like Sentinel and Nun, they keep
Their vigil on the green,

The slumberer's mound grows fresh and green,
Then slowly disappears;
The mosses creep, the gray stones lean
Earth hides his date and years;
But, long before the once-loved name
Is sunk or worn away,
No lip the silent dust may claim,
That pressed the breathing clay

Go where the ancient pathway guides,
See where our sires laid down
Their smiling babes, their cherished brides,
The patriarchs of the town:
Hast thou a tear for buried love?
A sigh for transient power?
All that a century left above,
Go, read it in an hour!

The Indian's shaft, the Briton's ball,
The sabre's thirsting edge,
The hot shell, shattering in its fall,
The bayonet's rending wedge, —
Here scattered death: yet, seek the spot,
No trace thine eye can see,

To sweep the simple lines that tell
    An exile's date and doom;
And sigh, for where his daughters dwell,
    They wreathe the stranger's tomb.

And one amid these shades was born,
    Beneath this turf who lies,
Once beaming as the summer's morn,
    That closed her gentle eyes;—
If sinless angels love as we,
    Who stood thy grave beside,
Three seraph welcomes waited thee,
    The daughter, sister, bride!

I wandered to thy buried mound
    When earth was hid below
The level of the glaring ground,
    Choked to its gates with snow,
And when the summer's flowery waves
    The lake of verdure rolled,
As if a Sultan's white-robed slaves
    Had scattered pearls and gold.

Nay, the soft pinions of the air,
    That lift this trembling tone,

The bloodless sickle lent the warrior's steel,
The harvest bowed beneath his chariot wheel;
Where late the wood-dove sheltered her repose,
The raven waited for the conflict's close;
The cuirassed sentry walked his sleepless round
Where Daphne smiled or Amaryllis frowned;
Where timid minstrels sung their blushing charms,
Some wild Tyrtæus called aloud, "To arms!"

When Glory wakes, when fiery spirits leap,
Roused by her accents from their tranquil sleep,
The ray that flashes from the soldier's crest,
Lights, as it glances, in the poet's breast;—
Not in pale dreamers, whose fantastic lay
Toys with smooth trifles like a child at play,
But men, who act the passions they inspire,
Who wave the sabre as they sweep the lyre!

Ye mild enthusiasts, whose pacific frowns
Are lost like dew-drops caught in burning towns,
Pluck as ye will the radiant plumes of fame,

The bloodless sickle lent the warrior's steel,
The harvest bowed beneath his chariot wheel,
Where late the wood-dove sheltered her repose,
The raven waited for the conflict's close;
The cuirassed sentry walked his sleepless round
Where Daphne smiled or Amaryllis frowned;
Where timid minstrels sung their blushing
charms,
Some wild Tyrtæus called aloud, "To arms!"

When Glory wakes, when fiery spirits leap,
Roused by her accents from their tranquil
sleep,
The ray that flashes from the soldier's crest,
Lights, as it glances, in the poet's breast, —
Not in pale dreamers, whose fantastic lay
Toys with smooth trifles like a child at play,
But men, who act the passions they inspire,
Who wave the sabre as they sweep the lyre!

Ye mild enthusiasts, whose pacific frowns
Are lost like dew-drops caught in burning
towns,
Pluck as ye will the radiant plumes of fame,

Her white walls gleaming through the vines of
France,
And all was hushed, save where the footsteps
fell,
On some high tower, of midnight sentinel.
But one still watched; no self-encircled woes
Chased from his lids the angel of repose;
He watched, he wept, for thoughts of bitter
years
Bowed his dark lashes, wet with burning tears;
His country's sufferings and her children's
shame
Streamed o'er his memory like a forest's flame;
Each treasured insult, each remembered wrong,
Rolled through his heart and kindled into song;
His taper faded; and the morning gales
Swept *through the world the war-song of*
Marseilles![4]

Now, while around the smiles of Peace ex-
pand,
And Plenty's wreaths festoon the laughing land,
While France ships outward her reluctant ore,
And half our navy basks upon the shore;

Some prouder muse, when comes the hour
at last,
May shake our hill-sides with her bugle-blast;
Not ours the task, but since the lyric dress
Relieves the statelier with its sprightliness,
Hear an old song, which some, perchance,
have seen
In stale gazette, or cobwebbed magazine.
There was an hour when patriots dared profane
The mast that Britain strove to bow in vain.*
And one, who listened to the tale of shame,
Whose heart still answered to that sacred name,
Whose eye still followed o'er his country's
tides
Thy glorious flag, our brave Old Ironsides!
From yon lone attic, on a summer's morn,
Thus mocked the spoilers with his school-boy
scorn.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;

III.

When florid Peace resumed her golden reign,
And arts revived, and valley bloomed again;
While War still panted on his broken blade,
Once more the Muse her heavenly wing essayed.
Rude was the song; some ballad, stern and wild,
Lulled the light slumbers of the soldier's child;
Or young romancer with his threatening glance
And fearful fables of his bloodless lance,
Scared the soft fancy of the clinging girls,
Whose snowy fingers smoothed his raven curls.
But when long years the stately form had bent,
And faithless memory her illusions lent,*
So vast the outlines of Tradition grew,
That History wondered at the shapes she drew,
And veiled at length their too ambitious hues
Beneath the pinions of the Epic Muse.

Far swept her wing, for stormier days had brought
With darker passions deeper tides of thought.
The camp's harsh tumult and the conflict's glow,

Thus live undying through the lapse of time
The solemn legends of the warrior's clime;
Like Egypt's pyramid, or Pæstum's fane,
They stand the heralds of the voiceless plain;
Yet not like them, for Time, by slow degrees,
Saps the gray stone, and wears the chiselled
frieze,
And Isis sleeps beneath her subject Nile,
And crumbled Neptune strews his Dorian pile;
But Art's fair fabric, strengthening as it rears
Its laurelled columns through the mist of years,
As the blue arches of the bending skies
Still gird the torrent, following as it flies,
Spreads, with the surges bearing on mankind,
Its starred pavilion o'er the tides of mind!

In vain the patriot asks some lofty lay
To dress in state our wars of yesterday.
The classic days, those mothers of romance,
That roused a nation for a woman's glance;
The age of mystery with its hoarded power,
That girt the tyrant in his storied tower,
Have past and faded like a dream of youth,
And riper eras ask for history's truth

On marble shaft and tessellated floor;—
Heaven asks no surplice round the heart that
feels,
And all is holy where devotion kneels.

Thus on the soil the patriot's knee should
bend,
Which holds the dust once living to defend;
Where'er the hireling shrinks before the free,
Each pass becomes "a new Thermopylæ"!
Where'er the battles of the brave are won,
There every mountain "looks on Marathon"!

Our fathers live; they guard in glory still
The grass-grown bastions of the fortressed hill;
Still ring the echoes of the trampled gorge,
With *God and Freedom! England and Saint
George!*
The royal cipher on the captured gun
Mocks the sharp night-dews and the blistering
sun!
The red-cross banner shades its captor's bust,
Its folds still loaded with the conflict's dust;
The drum, suspended by its tattered marge,

Truth looks too pale, and history seems too
tame,
Bid him await some new Columbiad's page,
To gild the tablets of an iron age,
And save his tears, which yet may fall upon
Some fabled field, some fancied Washington!

IV.

But once again, from their Æolian cave,
The winds of Genius wandered on the wave.
Tired of the scenes the timid pencil drew,
Sick of the notes the sounding clarion blew;
Sated with heroes who had worn so long
The shadowy plumage of historic song;
The new-born poet left the beaten course,
To track the passions to their living source.

Then rose the Drama;—and the world admired
Her varied page with deeper thought inspired;
Bound to no clime, for Passion's throb is one
In Greenland's twilight or in India's sun,

But breathing, burning in the glittering throng,
Whose thousand bravos roll untired along,
Circling and spreading through the gilded halls
From London's galleries to San Carlo's walls!

Thus shall he live whose more than mortal name
Mocks with its ray the pallid torch of Fame;
So proudly lifted, that it seems afar
No earthly Pharos, but a heavenly star;
Who, unconfined to Art's diurnal bound,
Girds her whole zodiac in his flaming round,
And leads the passions, like the orb that guides,
From pole to pole, the palpitating tides!

V.

Though round the Muse the robe of song is thrown,
Think not the poet lives in verse alone.
Long ere the chisel of the sculptor taught
The lifeless stone to mock the living thought,

Of power, — Bellona swept the crimson field,
And blue-eyed Pallas shook her Gorgon shield;
O'er the hushed waves their mightier monarch drove,
And Ida trembled to the tread of Jove!

So every grace, that plastic language knows,
To nameless poets its perfection owes.
The rough-hewn words to simplest thoughts confined,
Were cut and polished in their nicer mind;
Caught on their edge, imagination's ray
Splits into rainbows, shooting far away, —
From sense to soul, from soul to sense, it flies,
And through all nature links analogies;
He who reads right will rarely look upon
A better poet than his lexicon!

There is a race, which cold, ungenial skies
Breed from decay, as fungous growths arise;
Though dying fast, yet springing fast again,
Which still usurps an unsubstantial reign.
With frames too languid for the charms of sense,
And minds worn down with action too intense;

If this be genius, though its bitter springs
Glowed like the morn beneath Aurora's wings,
Seek not the source whose sullen bosom feeds
But fruitless flowers, and dark, envenomed
weeds.

But, if so bright the dear illusion seems,
Thou wouldst be partner of thy poet's dreams,
And hang in rapture on his bloodless charms,
Or die, like Raphael, in his angel arms,
Go, and enjoy thy blessed lot,—*to share*
In Cowper's gloom, *or Chatterton's despair!*

Not such were they whom, wandering o'er
the waves,
I looked to meet, but only found their graves;
If friendship's smile, the better part of fame,
Should lend my song the only wreath I claim,
Whose voice would greet me with a sweeter
tone,
Whose living hand more kindly press my
own,
Than theirs,—could Memory, as her silent
tread

As when we wandered by the turbid Seine,
Both blest with hopes, which revelled, bright
and free,
On all we longed, or all we dreamed to be;
To thee the amaranth and the cypress fell, —
And I was spared to breathe this last farewell!

But lived there one in unremembered days,
Or lives there still, who spurns the poet's
bays?
Whose fingers, dewy from Castalia's springs,
Rest on the lyre, yet scorn to touch the strings?
Who shakes the senate with the silver tone
The groves of Pindus might have sighed to
own?
Have such e'er been? Remember Canning's
name!
Do such still live? Let "Alaric's Dirge" pro-
claim!

Immortal Art! where'er the rounded sky
Bends o'er the cradle where thy children lie,
Their home is earth, their herald every tongue
Whose accents echo to the voice that sung.

NOTES.

NOTE 1. PAGE 1.

"Scenes of my youth"

This poem was commenced a few months subsequently to the author's return to his native village, after an absence of nearly three years.

NOTE 2. PAGE 9.

A few lines, perhaps deficient in dignity, were introduced at this point, in delivering the poem, and are appended in this clandestine manner for the gratification of some of my audience.

How many a stanza, blushing like the rose,
Would turn to fustian if resolved to prose!
How many an epic, like a gilded crown,
If some cold critic dared to melt it down,
Roll in his crucible a shapeless mass,
A grain of gold-leaf to a pound of brass!
Shorn of their plumes, our moonstruck sonneteers
Would seem but jackdaws croaking to the spheres.

The harmless boys, scarce knowing right from wrong,
Who libel others and themselves in song,
When their first pothooks of poetic rage
Slant down the corners of an album's page,
(Where crippled couplets spread their sprawling charms,
As half-taught swimmers move their legs and arms,)
Will talk of "Hesper on the brow of eve,"
And call their cousins "lovely Genevieve", —
While thus transformed, each dear deluded maid,
Pleased with herself in novel grace arrayed,
Smiles on the Paris who has come to crown
This new-born Helen in a gingham gown!

Note 3. Page 18.

"Or gaze upon yon pillared stone."

The tomb of the Vassall family is marked by a freestone tablet, supported by five pillars, and bearing nothing but the sculptured reliefs of the Goblet and the Sun, — *Vas-Sol* — which designated a powerful family, now almost forgotten.

The exile referred to in the next stanza was a native of Honfleur in Normandy.

Note 4 Page 23.

"Swept through the world the war-song of Marseilles."

The music and words of the Marseilles Hymn were composed in one night.

LYRICS.

LYRICS.

THE LAST READER.

I sometimes sit beneath a tree,
    And read my own sweet songs;
Though naught they may to others be,
    Each humble line prolongs
A tone that might have passed away,
But for that scarce remembered lay.

I keep them like a lock or leaf,
    That some dear girl has given;
Frail record of an hour, as brief
    As sunset clouds in heaven,
But spreading purple twilight still
High over memory's shadowed hill.

They lie upon my pathway bleak,
    Those flowers that once ran wild,

And when my name no more is heard,
My lyre no more is known,
Still let me, like a winter's bird,
In silence and alone,
Fold over them the weary wing
Once flashing through the dews of spring

Yes, let my fancy fondly wrap
My youth in its decline,
And riot in the rosy lap
Of thoughts that once were mine,
And give the worm my little store
When the last reader reads no more!

Who heeds the silken tassel's flaunt
    Beside the golden corn?
They ask not for the dainty toil
    Of ribboned knights and earls,
The daughters of the virgin soil,
    Our free-born Yankee girls!

By every hill whose stately pines
    Wave their dark arms above
The home where some fair being shines,
    To warm the wilds with love,
From barest rock to bleakest shore
    Where farthest sail unfurls,
That stars and stripes are streaming o'er, —
    God bless our Yankee girls!

I knew that thou hadst woes to weep,
And sins to be forgiven;
I watched where Genevieve was laid,
I knelt by Mary's shrine,
Beside me low, soft voices prayed;
Alas! but where was thine?

And when the morning sun was bright,
When wind and wave were calm,
And flamed, in thousand-tinted light,
The rose of Notre Dame,
I wandered through the haunts of men,
From Boulevard to Quai.
Till, frowning o'er Saint Etienne,
The Pantheon's shadow lay.

In vain, in vain, we meet no more,
Nor dream what fates befall;
And long upon the stranger's shore
My voice on thee may call,
When years have clothed the line in moss
That tells thy name and days,
And withered, on thy simple cross,
The wreaths of Père-la-Chaise!

Oh when love's first, sweet, stolen kiss
Burned on my boyish brow,
Was that young forehead worn as this?
Was that flushed cheek as now?
Were that wild pulse and throbbing heart
Like these, which vainly strive,
In thankless strains of soulless art,
To dream themselves alive?

Alas! the morning dew is gone,
Gone ere the full of day;
Life's iron fetter still is on,
Its wreaths all torn away;
Happy if still some casual hour
Can warm the fading shrine,
Too soon to chill beyond the power
Of love, or song, or wine!

The gales that filled her ocean wing
Have chilled and shrunk thy hasty spring,
And eye to eye, and brow to brow,
I stand before thy presence now; —
Thy lip is smoothed, thy voice is sweet,
Thy warm hand offered when we meet.

Nay, lady! 'tis not now for me
To droop the lid or bend the knee.
I seek thee, — oh, thou dost not shun;
I speak, — thou listenest like a nun;
I ask thy smile, — thy lip uncurls,
Too liberal of its flashing pearls;
Thy tears, — thy lashes sink again, —
My Hebe turns to Magdalen!

O changing youth! that evening hour
Look down on ours, — the bud — the flower;
Thine faded in its virgin soil,
And mine was nursed in tears and toil;
Thy leaves were withering, one by one,
While mine were opening to the sun; —
Which now can meet the cold and storm,
With freshest leaf and hardiest form?

"QUI VIVE!"

"QUI VIVE!" The sentry's musket rings,
The channelled bayonet gleams;
High o'er him, like a raven's wings
The broad tricolored banner flings
Its shadow, rustling as it swings
Pale in the moonlight beams;
Pass on! while steel-clad sentries keep
Their vigil o'er the monarch's sleep,
Thy bare, unguarded breast
Asks not the unbroken, bristling zone
That girds yon sceptred trembler's throne;—
Pass on, and take thy rest!

"*Qui vive!*" How oft the midnight air
That startling cry has borne!
How oft the evening breeze has fanned
The banner of this haughty land,
O'er mountain snow and desert sand,
Ere yet its folds were torn!

THE WASP AND THE HORNET.

THE two proud sisters of the sea,
 In glory and in doom! —
Well may the eternal waters be
 Their broad, unsculptured tomb!
The wind that rings along the wave,
 The clear, unshadowed sun,
Are torch and trumpet o'er the brave,
 Whose last green wreath is won!

No stranger-hand their banners furled,
 No victor's shout they heard;
Unseen, above them ocean curled,
 Save by his own pale bird;
The gnashing billows heaved and fell;
 Wild shrieked the midnight gale;
Far, far beneath the morning swell
 Were pennon, spar, and sail.

The land of Freedom! Sea and shore
 Are guarded now, as when

FROM A BACHELOR'S PRIVATE JOURNAL

Sweet Mary, I have never breathed
The love it were in vain to name;
Though round my heart a serpent wreathed,
I smiled, or strove to smile, the same.

Once more the pulse of Nature glows
With faster throb and fresher fire,
While music round her pathway flows
Like echoes from a hidden lyre.

And is there none with me to share
The glories of the earth and sky?
The eagle through the pathless air
Is followed by one burning eye.

Ah, no! the cradled flowers may wake,
Again may flow the frozen sea,
From every cloud a star may break, —
There comes no second Spring to me.

FROM A BACHELOR'S PRIVATE JOURNAL.

SWEET Mary, I have never breathed
The love it were in vain to name;
Though round my heart a serpent wreathed,
I smiled, or strove to smile, the same.

Once more the pulse of Nature glows
With faster throb and fresher fire,
While music round her pathway flows
Like echoes from a hidden lyre.

And is there none with me to share
The glories of the earth and sky?
The eagle through the pathless air
Is followed by one burning eye.

Ah, no! the cradled flowers may wake,
Again may flow the frozen sea,
From every cloud a star may break, —
There comes no second Spring to me.

STANZAS.

STRANGE! that one lightly whispered tone
Is far, far sweeter unto me,
Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,
Or breathe along the sea;
But, lady, when thy voice I greet,
Not heavenly music seems so sweet.

I look upon the fair blue skies,
And naught but empty air I see;
But when I turn me to thine eyes,
It seemeth unto me
Ten thousand angels spread their wings
Within those little azure rings.

The lily hath the softest leaf
That ever western breeze hath fanned,
But thou shalt have the tender flower,
So I may take thy hand;
That little hand to me doth yield
More joy than all the broidered field.

STANZAS.

STRANGE! that one lightly whispered tone
    Is far, far sweeter unto me,
Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,
    Or breathe along the sea;
But, lady, when thy voice I greet,
Not heavenly music seems so sweet.

I look upon the fair blue skies,
    And naught but empty air I see;
But when I turn me to thine eyes,
    It seemeth unto me
Ten thousand angels spread their wings
Within those little azure rings.

The lily hath the softest leaf
    That ever western breeze hath fanned.
But thou shalt have the tender flower,
    So I may take thy hand;
That little hand to me doth yield
More joy than all the broidered field.

THE PHILOSOPHER TO HIS LOVE.

DEAREST, a look is but a ray
Reflected in a certain way;
A word, whatever tone it wear,
Is but a trembling wave of air;
A touch, obedience to a clause
In nature's pure material laws.

The very flowers that bend and meet,
In sweetening others, grow more sweet;
The clouds by day, the stars by night,
Inweave their floating locks of light;
The rainbow, Heaven's own forehead's braid,
Is but the embrace of sun and shade.

How few that love us have we found!
How wide the world that girds them round!
Like mountain streams we meet and part,
Each living in the other's heart,
Our course unknown, our hope to be
Yet mingled in the distant sea.

L'INCONNUE.

Is thy name Mary, maiden fair?
Such should, methinks, its music be,
The sweetest name that mortals bear,
Were best befitting thee;
And she, to whom it once was given,
Was half of earth and half of heaven.

I hear thy voice, I see thy smile,
I look upon thy folded hair,
Ah! while we dream not they beguile,
Our hearts are in the snare;
And she, who chains a wild bird's wing
Must start not if her captive sing.

So, lady, take the leaf that falls,
To all but thee unseen, unknown
When evening shades thy silent walls,
Then read it all alone;
In stillness read, in darkness seal,
Forget, despise, but not reveal!

And wilt thou wither a virgin pale,
Or flourish a blooming bride?
"Oh, the Rose is old, and thorny, and cold,
And he lives on earth," said she;
"But the Star is fair and he lives in the air,
And he shall my bridegroom be."

But what if the stormy cloud should come
And ruffle the silver sea?
Would he turn his eye from the distant sky,
To smile on a thing like thee?
Oh, no, fair Lily, he will not send
One ray from his far-off throne;
The winds shall blow and the waves shall flow,
And thou wilt be left alone.

There is not a leaf on the mountain top,
Nor a drop of evening dew,
Nor a golden sand on the sparkling shore,
Nor a pearl in the waters blue,
That he has not cheered with his fickle smile,
And warmed with his faithless beam, —
And will he be true to a pallid flower,
That floats on the quiet stream?

ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE.

"A SPANISH GIRL IN REVERY."

SHE twirled the string of golden beads,
That round her neck was hung, —
My grandsire's gift; the good old man
Loved girls when he was young,
And, bending lightly o'er the cord,
And turning half away,
With something like a youthful sigh,
Thus spoke the maiden gray:

"Well, one may trail her silken robe,
And bind her locks with pearls,
And one may wreathe the woodland rose
Among her floating curls,
And one may tread the dewy grass,
And one the marble floor,
Nor half-hid bosom heave the less,
Nor broidered corset more!

And keeps it still, herself alone,
And wasted like the flower."

Her pale lip quivered, and the light
Gleamed in her moistening eyes;—
I asked her how she liked the tints
In those Castilian skies?
"She thought them misty,—'twas perhaps
Because she stood too near;"
She turned away, and as she turned,
I saw her wipe a tear.

None wept, — none pitied; — they who knelt
At morning by the despot's throne,
At evening dashed the laurelled bust,
And spurned the wreaths themselves had strewn;
The shout of triumph echoed wide,
The self-stung reptile writhed and died!

Breathed o'er the wanderers of the field,
  Like their own bridal bower;
Yet, saddened by its loveliness,
  And humbled by its pride,
Earth's fairest child they could not bless, —
  It mocked them when they sighed.

And lightly floats the pendent vine,
That swings beneath her slender bow,
Arch answering arch, — whose rounded line
Seems mirrored in the wreath below.

How patient Nature smiles at Fame!
The weeds, that strewed the victor's way,
Feed on his dust to shroud his name,
Green where his proudest towers decay.

See, through that channel, empty now,
The scanty rain its tribute pours, —
Which cooled the lip and laved the brow
Of conquerors from a hundred shores.

Thus bending o'er the nation's bier,
Whose wants the captive earth supplied,
The dew of Memory's passing tear
Falls on the arches of her pride!

And lightly floats the pendent vine,
  That swings beneath her slender bow,
Arch answering arch, — whose rounded line
  Seems mirrored in the wreath below.

How patient Nature smiles at Fame!
  The weeds, that strewed the victor's way,
Feed on his dust to shroud his name,
  Green where his proudest towers decay.

See, through that channel, empty now,
  The scanty rain its tribute pours, —
Which cooled the lip and laved the brow
  Of conquerors from a hundred shores.

Thus bending o'er the nation's bier,
  Whose wants the captive earth supplied,
The dew of Memory's passing tear
  Falls on the arches of her pride!

Go, warrior, in thy glittering steel,
    And bow thee at the altar's side;
And bid thy frowning gods reveal
    The doom their mystic counsels hide.

Go, maiden, in thy flowing veil,
    And bare thy brow, and bend thy knee;
When the last hopes of mercy fail,
    Thy God may yet remember thee.

Go, as thou didst in happier hours,
    And lay thine incense on the shrine;
And greener leaves, and fairer flowers,
    Around the sacred image twine.

I saw them rise, — the buried dead, —
    From marble tomb and grassy mound;
I heard the spirits' printless tread,
    And voices not of earthly sound.

I looked upon the quivering stream,
    And its cold wave was bright with flame;
And wild, as from a fearful dream,
    The wasted forms of battle came.

Go, warrior, in thy glittering steel,
And bow thee at the altar's side;
And bid thy frowning gods reveal
The doom their mystic counsels hide.

Go, maiden, in thy flowing veil,
And bare thy brow, and bend thy knee;
When the last hopes of mercy fail,
Thy God may yet remember thee.

Go, as thou didst in happier hours,
And lay thine incense on the shrine;
And greener leaves, and fairer flowers,
Around the sacred image twine.

I saw them rise, — the buried dead, —
From marble tomb and grassy mound;
I heard the spirits' printless tread,
And voices not of earthly sound.

I looked upon the quivering stream,
And its cold wave was bright with flame;
And wild, as from a fearful dream,
The wasted forms of battle came.

TO A CAGED LION.

Poor conquered monarch! though that haughty glance
  Still speaks thy courage unsubdued by time,
And in the grandeur of thy sullen tread
  Lives the proud spirit of thy burning clime; —
Fettered by things that shudder at thy roar,
Torn from thy pathless wilds to pace this narrow floor!

Thou wast the victor, and all nature shrunk
  Before the thunders of thine awful wrath;
The steel-armed hunter viewed thee from afar,
  Fearless and trackless in thy lonely path!
The famished tiger closed his flaming eye,
And crouched and panted as thy step went by!

Thou art the vanquished, and insulting man
  Bars thy broad bosom as a sparrow's wing;

TO MY COMPANIONS.

MINE ancient Chair! thy wide-embracing arms
    Have clasped around me even from a boy,
Hadst thou a voice to speak of years gone by,
    Thine were a tale of sorrow and of joy,
Of fevered hopes and ill-foreboding fears,
And smile unseen, and unrecorded tears.

And thou, my Table! though unwearied Time
    Hath set his signet on thine altered brow
Still can I see thee in thy spotless prime,
    And in my memory thou art living now;
Soon must thou slumber with forgotten things,
The peasant's ashes and the dust of kings.

Thou melancholy Mug! thy sober brown
    Hath something pensive in its evening hue,
Not like the things that please the tasteless
        clown,
    With gaudy streaks of orange and of blue,

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

Perchance a vision of the night,
    Some grizzled spectre, gaunt and thin,
Or sheeted corpse, may stalk along,
    Or skeleton may grin!

If it should be in pensive hour
    Some sorrow-moving theme I try,
Ah, maiden, how thy tears will fall,
    For all I doom to die!

But if in merry mood I touch
    Thy leaves, then shall the sight of thee
Sow smiles as thick on rosy lips
    As ripples on the sea.

The Weekly press shall gladly stoop
    To bind thee up among its sheaves;
The Daily steal thy shining ore,
    To gild its leaden leaves

Thou hast no tongue, yet thou canst speak,
    Till distant shores shall hear the sound,
Thou hast no life, yet thou canst breathe
    Fresh life on all around.

TO AN INSECT.

I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,
    Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
    Thou pretty Katydid!
Thou mindest me of gentlefolks, —
    Old gentlefolks are they, —
Thou say'st an undisputed thing
    In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid!
    I know it by the trill
That quivers through thy piercing notes,
    So petulant and shrill,
I think there is a knot of you
    Beneath the hollow tree, —
A knot of spinster Katydids, —
    Do Katydids drink tea?

Oh, tell me where did Katy live,
    And what did Katy do?

Peace to the ever murmuring race!
    And when the latest one
Shall fold in death her feeble wings
    Beneath the autumn sun,
Then shall she raise her fainting voice
    And lift her drooping lid,
And then the child of future years
    Shall hear what Katy did.

She answered, some thought both were fair,—
Give her blue eyes and golden hair.
I might have liked her judgment well,
But, as she spoke, she rung the bell,
And all her girls, nor small nor few,
Came marching in,—their eyes were blue.

I asked a maiden; back she flung
The locks that round her forehead hung,
And turned her eye, a glorious one,
Bright as a diamond in the sun,
On me, until beneath its rays
I felt as if my hair would blaze,
She liked all eyes but eyes of green,
She looked at me; what could she mean?

Ah! many lids Love lurks between,
Nor heeds the coloring of his screen;
And when his random arrows fly,
The victim falls, but knows not why.
Gaze not upon his shield of jet,
The shaft upon the string is set,
Look not beneath his azure veil,
Though every limb were cased in mail.

MY AUNT.

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
    Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
    That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her, — though she looks
    As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
    For life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!
    Her hair is almost gray;
Why will she train that winter curl
    In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
    And say she reads as well,
When, through a double convex lens,
    She just makes out to spell?

Her father, — grandpapa! forgive
    This erring lip its smiles, —

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
 Nor bandit cavalcade,
Tore from the trembling father's arms
 His all-accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been!
 And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
 On my ancestral tree.

Oh, there is light in her lover's glance,
That flies to her heart like a silver lance;
His breeches are made of spotted skin,
His jacket is tight, and his pumps are thin;
In a cloudless night you may hear his song,
As its pensive melody floats along,
And, if you will look by the moonlight fair,
The trembling form of the toad is there.

And he twines his arms round her slender stem.
In the shade of her velvet diadem;
But she turns away in her maiden shame,
And will not breathe on the kindling flame,
He sings at her feet through the livelong night,
And creeps to his cave at the break of light,
And whenever he comes to the air above,
His throat is swelling with baffled love

Oh, there is light in her lover's glance,
That flies to her heart like a silver lance,
His breeches are made of spotted skin,
His jacket is tight, and his pumps are thin;
In a cloudless night you may hear his song,
As its pensive melody floats along,
And, if you will look by the moonlight fair,
The trembling form of the toad is there.

And he twines his arms round her slender stem
In the shade of her velvet diadem,
But she turns away in her maiden shame,
And will not breathe on the kindling flame.
He sings at her feet through the livelong night
And creeps to his cave at the break of light,
And whenever he comes to the air above,
His throat is swelling with baffled love

"Sweet friends," the gentle nymph began,
"From opening bud to withering leaf,
One common lot has bound us all,
In every change of joy and grief.

While all around has felt decay,
We rose in ever living prime,
With broader shade and fresher green,
Beneath the crumbling step of Time.

"When often by our feet has past
Some biped, nature's walking whim,
Say, have we trimmed one awkward shape,
Or lopped away one crooked limb?

"Go on, fair Science; soon to thee
Shall Nature yield her idle boast;
Her vulgar fingers formed a tree,
But thou hast trained it to a post.

"Go paint the birch's silver rind,
And quilt the peach with softer down,
Up with the willow's trailing threads,
Off with the sunflower's radiant crown!

"Sweet friends," the gentle nymph began,
"From opening bud to withering leaf,
One common lot has bound us all,
In every change of joy and grief.

"While all around has felt decay,
We rose in ever living prime,
With broader shade and fresher green,
Beneath the crumbling step of Time.

"When often by our feet has past
Some biped, nature's walking whim,
Say, have we trimmed one awkward shape,
Or lopped away one crooked limb?

"Go on, fair Science; soon to thee
Shall Nature yield her idle boast;
Her vulgar fingers formed a tree,
But thou hast trained it to a post.

"Go paint the birch's silver rind,
And quilt the peach with softer down;
Up with the willow's trailing threads,
Off with the sunflower's radiant crown!

"In ever julep that he drinks,
  May gout, and bile, and headache be;
And when he strives to calm his pain,
  May colic mingle with his tea.

"May nightshade cluster round his path,
  And thistles shoot, and brambles cling;
May blistering ivy scorch his veins,
  And dogwood burn, and nettles sting.

"On him may never shadow fall,
  When fever racks his throbbing brow,
And his last shilling buy a rope
  To hang him on my highest bough!"

She spoke; — the morning's herald beam
  Sprang from the bosom of the sea,
And every mangled sprite returned
  In sadness to her wounded tree.*

---

* A little poem, on a similar occasion, may be found in the works of Swift, from which, perhaps, the idea was borrowed; although I was as much surprised as amused to meet with it some time after writing the preceding lines.

All silent as the sheeted dead,
    In spite of sneer and frown,
Fast by a gray-haired senior's side
    He sat him boldly down.

There was a look of horror flashed
    From out the tutor's eyes;
When all around him rose to pray,
    The stranger did not rise!

A murmur broke along the crowd,
    The prayer was at an end;
With ringing heels and measured tread
    A hundred forms descend.

Through sounding aisles, o'er grating stair,
    The long procession poured,
Till all were gathered on the seats
    Around the Commons board.

That fearful stranger! down he sat,
    Unasked, yet undismayed,
And on his lip a rising smile
    Of scorn or pleasure played.

A whisper trembled through the crowd, —
Who could the stranger be?
And some were silent, for they thought
A cannibal was he.

What if the creature should arise,
For he was stout and tall, —
And swallow down a sophomore,
Coat, crow's-foot, cap, and all!

All sullenly the stranger rose;
They sat in mute despair;
He took his hat from off the peg,
His coat from off the chair.

Four freshmen fainted on the seat,
Six swooned upon the floor;
Yet on the fearful being passed,
And shut the chapel door.

There is full many a starving man,
That walks in bottle green,
But never more that hungry one
In Commons-hall was seen.

THE SPECTRE PIG.

A BALLAD.

It was the stalwart butcher man,
    That knit his swarthy brow,
And said the gentle Pig must die,
    And sealed it with a vow.

And oh! it was the gentle Pig
    Lay stretched upon the ground,
And ah! it was the cruel knife
    His little heart that found.

They took him then, those wicked men,
    They trailed him all along;
They put a stick between his lips,
    And through his heels a thong,

And round and round an oaken beam
    A hempen cord they flung,
And, like a mighty pendulum,
    All solemnly he swung!

"O father, father, list to me;
  The Pig is deadly sick,
And men have hung him by his heels,
  And fed him with a stick."

It was the bloody butcher then,
  That laughed as he would die,
Yet did he soothe the sorrowing child,
  And bid him not to cry;—

"O Nathan, Nathan, what's a Pig,
  That thou shouldst weep and wail?
Come, bear thee like a butcher's child,
  And thou shalt have his tail!"

It was the butcher's daughter then,
  So slender and so fair,
That sobbed as if her heart would break
  And tore her yellow hair;

And thus she spoke in thrilling tone,—
  Fast fell the tear-drops big,—
"Ah! woe is me! Alas! Alas!
  The Pig! The Pig! The Pig!"

One quiver of the hempen cord, —
    One struggle and one bound, —
With stiffened limb and leaden eye,
    The Pig was on the ground!

And straight towards the sleeper's house
    His fearful way he wended;
And hooting owl, and hovering bat,
    On midnight wing attended.

Back flew the bolt, up rose the latch,
    And open swung the door,
And little mincing feet were heard
    Pat, pat along the floor.

Two hoofs upon the sanded floor,
    And two upon the bed;
And they are breathing side by side,
    The living and the dead!

"Now wake, now wake, thou butcher man!
    What makes thy cheek so pale?
Take hold! take hold! thou dost not fear
    To clasp a spectre's tail?"

LINES BY A CLERK.

OH! I did love her dearly,
And gave her toys and rings,
And I thought she meant sincerely,
When she took my pretty things;
But her heart has grown as icy
As a fountain in the fall,
And her love, that was so spicy,
It did not last at all.

I gave her once a locket,
It was filled with my own hair,
And she put it in her pocket
With very special care.
But a jeweller has got it, —
He offered it to me,
And another that is not it
Around her neck I see.

For my cooings and my billings
I do not now complain,

REFLECTIONS OF A PROUD PEDESTRIAN.

I saw the curl of his waving lash,
And the glance of his knowing eye,
And I knew that he thought he was cutting a dash,
As his steed went thundering by.

And he may ride in the rattling gig,
Or flourish the Stanhope gay,
And dream that he looks exceeding big
To the people that walk in the way;

But he shall think, when the night is still,
On the stable-boy's gathering numbers,
And the ghost of many a veteran bill
Shall hover around his slumbers;

The ghastly dun shall worry his sleep,
And constables cluster around him,
And he shall creep from the wood hole deep
Where their spectre eyes have found him!

REFLECTIONS OF A PROUD PEDESTRIAN.

I SAW the curl of his waving lash,
And the glance of his knowing eye,
And I knew that he thought he was cutting a dash,
As his steed went thundering by.

And he may ride in the rattling gig,
Or flourish the Stanhope gay,
And dream that he looks exceeding big
To the people that walk in the way;

But he shall think, when the night is still,
On the stable-boy's gathering numbers,
And the ghost of many a veteran bill
Shall hover around his slumbers,

The ghastly dun shall worry his sleep,
And constables cluster around him,
And he shall creep from the wood hole deep
Where their spectre eyes have found him!

THE POET'S LOT.

WHAT is a poet's love?—
To write a girl a sonnet,
To get a ring, or some such thing,
And fustianize upon it.

What is a poet's fame?—
Sad hints about his reason,
And sadder praise from garreteers,
To be returned in season.

Where go the poet's lines?—
Answer, ye evening tapers!
Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,
Speak from your folded papers!

Child of the ploughshare, smile,
Boy of the counter, grieve not,
Though muses round thy trundle-bed
Their broidered tissue weave not.

DAILY TRIALS.

BY A SENSITIVE MAN.

Oh there are times
When all this fret and tumult that we hear
Do seem more stale than to the sexton's ear
His own dull chimes.

Ding dong! ding dong!
The world is in a simmer like a sea
Over a pent volcano, — woe is me
All the day long!

From crib to shroud!
Nurse o'er our cradles screameth lullaby,
And friends in boots tramp round us as we die,
Snuffling aloud.

At morning's call
The small-voiced pug-dog welcomes in the sun,
And flea-bit mongrels, wakening one by one,
Give answer all.

DAILY TRIALS.

BY A SENSITIVE MAN.

Oh there are times
When all this fret and tumult that we hear
Do seem more stale than to the sexton's ear
His own dull chimes.

Ding dong! ding dong!
The world is in a simmer like a sea
Over a pent volcano, — woe is me
All the day long!

From crib to shroud!
Nurse o'er our cradles screameth lullaby,
And friends in boots tramp round us as we die,
Snuffling aloud.

At morning's call
The small-voiced pug-dog welcomes in the sun,
And flea-bit mongrels, wakening one by one,
Give answer all.

Soldiers, with guns
Making a nuisance of the blessed air,
Child-crying bellmen, children in despair
Screeching for buns.

Storms, thunders, waves!
Howl, crash, and bellow till ye get your fill;
Ye sometimes rest, men never can be still
But in their graves.

Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout.
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these, thy puny brethren; and thy breath
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,
Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan that rides upon the water?
Oh, no, it is that other gentle bird,
Which is the patron of our noble calling.
I well remember, in my early years,
When these young hands first closed upon a
goose;
I have a scar upon my thimble finger,
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
My father was a tailor, and his father,
And my sire's grandsire, all of them were tailors;
They had an ancient goose, — it was an heir-
loom
From some remoter tailor of our race.
It happened I did see it on a time
When none was near, and I did deal with it,
And it did burn me, — oh, most fearfully!

THE DORCHESTER GIANT.

THERE was a giant in time of old,
A mighty one was he,
He had a wife, but she was a scold,
So he kept her shut in his mammoth fold;
And he had children three.

It happened to be an election day,
And the giants were choosing a king;
The people were not democrats then,
They did not talk of the rights of men,
And all that sort of thing.

Then the giant took his children three
And fastened them in the pen;
The children roared, quoth the giant, "Be still!"
And Dorchester Heights and Milton Hill
Rolled back the sound again.

What are those lone ones doing now,
    The wife and the children sad?
Oh! they are in a terrible rout,
Screaming, and throwing their pudding about,
    Acting as they were mad.

They flung it over to Roxbury hills,
    They flung it over the plain,
And all over Milton and Dorchester too
Great lumps of pudding the giants threw;
    They tumbled as thick as rain.

* * * * * * *

Giant and mammoth have passed away,
    For ages have floated by;
The suet is hard as a marrow bone,
And every plum is turned to a stone,
    But there the puddings lie.

And if, some pleasant afternoon,
    You'll ask me out to ride,
The whole of the story I will tell,
And you shall see where the puddings fell,
    And pay for the punch beside.

I know thou hast a wife at home,
    I know thou hast a child,
By that subdued, domestic smile
    Upon thy features mild.

That wife sits fearless by thy side,
    That cherub on thy knee;
They do not shudder at thy looks,
    They do not shrink from thee.

Above thy mantel is a hook, —
    A portrait once was there;
It was thine only ornament, —
    Alas! that hook is bare.

She begged thee not to let it go,
    She begged thee all in vain;
She wept, — and breathed a trembling prayer
    To meet it safe again.

It was a bitter sight to see
    That picture torn away;
It was a solemn thought to think
    What all her friends would say!

TO THE PORTRAIT OF "A LADY."

IN THE ATHENÆUM GALLERY.

WELL, Miss, I wonder where you live,
I wonder what's your name,
I wonder how you came to be
In such a stylish frame,
Perhaps you were a favorite child,
Perhaps an only one,
Perhaps your friends were not aware
You had your portrait done!

Yet you must be a harmless soul;
I cannot think that Sin
Would care to throw his loaded dice,
With such a stake to win,
I cannot think you would provoke
The poet's wicked pen,
Or make young women bite their lips,
Or ruin fine young men.

THE COMET.

The Comet! He is on his way,
And singing as he flies;
The whizzing planets shrink before
The spectre of the skies;
Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,
And satellites turn pale,
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail!

On, on by whistling spheres of light,
He flashes and he flames,
He turns not to the left nor right,
He asks them not their names;
One spurn from his demoniac heel, —
Away, away they fly,
Where darkness might be bottled up
And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,
And how would look the sea,

I saw the scalding pitch roll down
  The crackling, sweating pines,
And streams of smoke, like water-spouts,
  Burst through the rumbling mines;
I asked the firemen why they made
  Such noise about the town;
They answered not, — but all the while
  The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit
  Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand
  Extinguishing his leg;
I saw nine geese upon the wing
  Towards the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell
  Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
  Writhe in the blistering rays,
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
  Was all a fiery blaze;
I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,
  Bob through the bubbling brine;

A NOONTIDE LYRIC.

THE dinner-bell, the dinner-bell
    Is ringing loud and clear;
Through hill and plain, through street and lane,
    It echoes far and near;
From curtained hall, and whitewashed stall,
    Wherever men can hide,
Like bursting waves from ocean caves,
    They float upon the tide.

I smell the smell of roasted meat!
    I hear the hissing fry!
The beggars know where they can go,
    But where, oh, where shall I?
At twelve o'clock men took my hand,
    At two they only stare,
And eye me with a fearful look,
    As if I were a bear!

The poet lays his laurels down
    And hastens to his greens;

A NOONTIDE LYRIC.

THE dinner-bell, the dinner-bell
    Is ringing loud and clear;
Through hill and plain, through street and lane,
    It echoes far and near;
From curtained hall, and whitewashed stall,
    Wherever men can hide,
Like bursting waves from ocean caves,
    They float upon the tide.

I smell the smell of roasted meat!
    I hear the hissing fry!
The beggars know where they can go,
    But where, oh, where shall I?
At twelve o'clock men took my hand,
    At two they only stare,
And eye me with a *fearful* look,
    As if I were a bear!

The poet lays his laurels down
    And hastens to his greens;

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the river-side,
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide,
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim,
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a sitting in the shade,
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,
"I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, — "Now bring
me my harpoon!
I'll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow
soon;"
Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-
white lamb,
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like
sea-weed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones! she waked not
from her swound,
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the
waves was drowned;
But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of
their woe,
And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids
down below.

Perhaps you're going out to dine, —
Some filthy creature begs
You'll hear about the cannon-ball
That carried off his pegs,
And says it is a dreadful thing
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
His children to be fed,
Poor little, lovely innocents,
All clamorous for bread, —
And so you kindly help to put
A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window-seat
Beneath a cloudless moon;
You hear a sound, that seems to wear
The semblance of a tune,
As if a broken fife should strive
To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
Of music seems to come,
There's something like a human voice,
And something like a drum;

And pay the owner of the bear,
That stunned you with his paw,
And buy the lobster, that has had
Your knuckles in his claw;

But if you are a portly man,
Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable
To turn them out of town;
Then close your sentence with an oath,
And shut the window down!

And if you are a slender man,
Not big enough for that,
Or, if you cannot make a speech,
Because you are a flat,
Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat!

We've nothing in the world to do,
    But just to walk about;
So faster, now, you middle men,
    And try to beat the ends,—
It's pleasant work to ramble round
    Among one's honest friends.

Here, tread upon the long man's toes,
    He shan't be lazy here,—
And punch the little fellow's ribs,
    And tweak that lubber's ear,—
He's lost them both,—don't pull his hair,
    Because he wears a scratch,
But poke him in the further eye,
    That is n't in the patch.

And oaks were scattered on the ground
    As if the Titans battled;
And all above was in a howl,
    And all below a clatter, —
The earth was like a frying-pan,
    Or some such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing-day,
    And all our things were drying:
The storm came roaring through the lines,
    And set them all a flying;
I saw the shirts and petticoats
    Go riding off like witches;
I lost, ah! bitterly I wept, —
    I lost my Sunday breeches!

I saw them straddling through the air,
    Alas! too late to win them;
I saw them chase the clouds as if
    The devil had been in them;
They were my darlings and my pride,
    My boyhood's only riches, —
"Farewell, farewell," I faintly cried, —
    "My breeches! O my breeches!"

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

I WROTE some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him,
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
And, in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
"There'll be the devil to pay."

THE HOT SEASON.

THE folks, that on the first of May
Wore winter-coats and hose,
Began to say, the first of June,
"Good Lord! how hot it grows."
At last two Fahrenheits blew up,
And killed two children small,
And one barometer shot dead
A tutor with its ball!

Now all day long the locusts sang
Among the leafless trees;
Three new hotels warped inside out,
The pumps could only wheeze,
And ripe old wine, that twenty years
Had cobwebbed o'er in vain,
Came spouting through the rotten corks
Like Jolys' best Champagne!

The Worcester locomotives did
Their trip in half an hour;

The gas-light companies were mobbed,
The bakers all were shot,
The penny press began to talk
Of Lynching Doctor Nott;
And all about the warehouse steps
Were angry men in droves,
Crashing and splintering through the doors
To smash the patent stoves!

The abolition men and maids
Were tanned to such a hue,
You scarce could tell them from their friends
Unless their eyes were blue,
And, when I left, society
Had burst its ancient guards,
And Brattle Street and Temple Place
Were interchanging cards.

POEMS

ADDED SINCE THE FIRST EDITION

POEMS

ADDED SINCE THE FIRST EDITION

DEPARTED DAYS.

Yes, dear departed, cherished days,
Could Memory's hand restore
Your morning light, your evening rays,
From Time's gray urn once more, —
Then might this restless heart be still,
This straining eye might close,
And Hope her fainting pinions fold,
While the fair phantoms rose.

But, like a child in ocean's arms,
We strive against the stream,
Each moment farther from the shore
Where life's young fountains gleam; —
Each moment fainter wave the fields,
And wider rolls the sea,
The mist grows dark, — the sun goes down, —
Day breaks, — and where are we?

When winds are loud, and billows reel,
    She thunders foaming by,
When seas are silent and serene,
    With even beam she glides,
The sunshine glimmering through the green
    That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart
    She veils her shadowy form,
The beating of her restless heart
    Still sounding through the storm;
Now answers, like a courtly dame, .
    The reddening surges o'er,
With flying scarf of spangled flame,
    The Pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,
    Who trims his narrowed sail;
To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep
    Her broad breast to the gale;
And many a foresail, scooped and strained,
    Shall break from yard and stay,
Before this smoky wreath has stained
    The rising mist of day.

When winds are loud, and billows reel,
She thunders foaming by;
When seas are silent and serene,
With even beam she glides,
The sunshine glimmering through the green
That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart
She veils her shadowy form,
The beating of her restless heart
Still sounding through the storm;
Now answers, like a courtly dame,
The reddening surges o'er,
With flying scarf of spangled flame,
The Pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,
Who trims his narrowed sail;
To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep
Her broad breast to the gale;
And many a foresail, scooped and strained,
Shall break from yard and stay,
Before this smoky wreath has stained
The rising mist of day.

THE PARTING WORD.

I MUST leave thee, lady sweet!
Months shall waste before we meet;
Winds are fair, and sails are spread,
Anchors leave their ocean bed;
Ere this shining day grow dark,
Skies shall gird my shoreless bark;
Through thy tears, O lady mine,
Read thy lover's parting line.

When the first sad sun shall set,
Thou shalt tear thy locks of jet;
When the morning star shall rise
Thou shalt wake with weeping eyes,
When the second sun goes down,
Thou more tranquil shalt be grown,
Taught too well that wild despair
Dims thine eyes, and spoils thy hair.

All the first unquiet week
Thou shalt wear a smileless cheek,

First be careful of your fan,
Trust it not to youth or man;
Love has filled a pirate's sail
Often with its perfumed gale.
Mind your kerchief most of all,
Fingers touch when kerchiefs fall;
Shorter ell than mercers clip,
Is the space from hand to lip.

Trust not such as talk in tropes,
Full of pistols, daggers, ropes;
All the hemp that Russia bears
Scarce would answer lovers' prayers,
Never thread was spun so fine,
Never spider stretched the line,
Would not hold the lovers true
That would really swing for you

Fiercely some shall storm and swear,
Beating breasts in black despair,
Others murmur with a sigh,
You must melt or they will die,
Painted words on empty lies,
Grubs with wings like butterflies,

SONG,

WRITTEN FOR THE DINNER GIVEN TO CHARLES DICKENS, BY THE YOUNG MEN OF BOSTON, FEBRUARY 1, 1842.

THE stars their early vigils keep,
The silent hours are near
When drooping eyes forget to weep, —
Yet still we linger here;
And what, — the passing churl may ask, —
Can claim such wondrous power,
That Toil forgets his wonted task,
And Love his promised hour?

The Irish harp no longer thrills,
Or breathes a fainter tone,
The clarion blast from Scotland's hills
Alas! no more is blown;
And Passion's burning lip bewails
Her Harold's wasted fire,
Still lingering o'er the dust that veils
The Lord of England's lyre.

LINES

RECITED AT THE BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL.

Come back to your mother, ye children, for
shame,
Who have wandered like truants, for riches or
fame!
With a smile on her face, and a sprig in her cap,
She calls you to feast from her bountiful lap.

Come out from your alleys, your courts, and
your lanes,
And breathe, like young eagles, the air of our
plains;
Take a whiff from our fields, and your excellent
wives
Will declare it's all nonsense insuring your lives.

Come you of the law, who can talk, if you
please,
Till the man in the moon will allow it's a
cheese,

LINES

RECITED AT THE BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL.

Come back to your mother, ye children, for shame,
Who have wandered like truants, for riches or fame!
With a smile on her face, and a sprig in her cap,
She calls you to feast from her bountiful lap

Come out from your alleys, your courts, and your lanes,
And breathe, like young eagles, the air of our plains;
Take a whiff from our fields, and your excellent wives
Will declare it's all nonsense insuring your lives.

Come you of the law, who can talk, if you please,
Till the man in the moon will allow it's a cheese,

The dewdrops hang round him on blossoms
and shoots,
He breathes but one sigh for his youth and his
boots.

There stands the old schoolhouse, hard by the
old church;
That tree at its side had the flavor of birch;
Oh, sweet were the days of his juvenile tricks,
Though the prairie of youth had so many "big
licks."

By the side of yon river he weeps and he
slumps,
The boots fill with water, as if they were
pumps,
Till, sated with rapture, he steals to his bed,
With a glow in his heart and a cold in his
head.

'Tis past, — he is dreaming, — I see him again;
The ledger returns as by legerdemain,
His neckcloth is damp with an easterly flaw,
And he holds in his fingers an omnibus straw.

VERSES FOR AFTER-DINNER.

Φ. B. K. SOCIETY, 1844.

I WAS thinking last night, as I sat in the cars,
With the charmingest prospect of cinders and
    stars,
Next Thursday is — bless me! — how hard it
    will be,
If that cannibal president calls upon me!

There is nothing on earth that he will not
    devour,
From a tutor in seed to a freshman in flower;
No sage is too gray, and no youth is too
    green,
And you can't be too plump, though you're
    never too lean.

While others enlarge on the boiled and the
    roast,
He serves a raw clergyman up with a toast,

Oh pardon me, then, if I meekly retire,
With a very small flash of ethereal fire;
No rubbing will kindle your Lucifer match,
If the *fiz* does not follow the primitive scratch.

Dear friends, who are listening so sweetly the
while,
With your lips double reefed in a snug little
smile, —
I leave you two fables, both drawn from the
deep, —
The shells you can drop, but the pearls you
may keep.

* * * * * * *

The fish called the FLOUNDER, perhaps you may
know,
Has one side for use and another for show,
One side for the public, a delicate brown,
And one that is white, which he always keeps
down.

A very young flounder, the flattest of flats
(And they're none of them thicker than opera
hats),

Which his brother, survivor of fish-hooks and lines,
Though fond of his family, never declines.

He loves his relations; he feels they'll be missed;
But that one little tit-bit he cannot resist;
So your bait may be swallowed, no matter how fast,
For you catch your next fish with a piece of the last.

And thus, O survivor, whose merciless fate
Is to take the next hook with the president's bait,
You are lost while you snatch from the end of his line
The morsel he rent from this bosom of mine!

Alas for the loved one! too spotless and fair
The joys of his banquet to chasten and share;
Her eye lost its light that his goblet might
shine,
And the rose of her cheek was dissolved in his
wine.

Joy smiles in the fountain, health flows in the
rills,
As their ribands of silver unwind from the
hills,
They breathe not the mist of the bacchanal's
dream,
But the lilies of innocence float on their
stream.

Then a health and a welcome to woman once
more!
She brings us a passport that laughs at our
door;
It is written on crimson, — its letters are
pearls, —
It is countersigned *Nature.* —— So, room for
the Girls!

Too young for wisdom's tardy seal,
  Too old for garlands now;
Yet, while the dewy breath of spring
  Steals o'er the tingling air,
And spreads and fans each emerald wing
  The forest soon shall wear,
How bright the opening year would seem,
  Had I one look like thine,
To meet me when the morning beam
  Unseals these lids of mine!
Too long I bear this lonely lot,
  That bids my heart run wild
To press the lips that love me not,
  To clasp the stranger's child.

How oft beyond the dashing seas,
  Amidst those royal bowers,
Where danced the lilacs in the breeze,
  And swung the chestnut flowers,
I wandered like a wearied slave
  Whose morning task is done,
To watch the little hands that gave
  Their whiteness to the sun.
To revel in the bright young eyes,

Sweet image! I have done thee wrong
  To claim this destined lay;
The leaf that asked an idle song
  Must bear my tears away.
Yet, in thy memory shouldst thou keep
  This else forgotten strain,
Till years have taught thine eyes to weep
  And flattery's voice is vain;
Oh, then, thou fledgling of the nest,
  Like the long-wandering dove,
Thy weary heart may faint for rest,
  As mine, on changeless love;
And, while these sculptured lines retrace
  The hours now dancing by,
This vision of thy girlish grace
  May cost thee, too, a sigh.

Faint is the feeble breath,
Murmuring low in death,
"Tell to our sons how their fathers have died;"
Nerveless the iron hand,
Raised for its native land,
Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling,
From their far hamlets the yeomanry come,
As through the storm-clouds the thunder-burst rolling,
Circles the beat of the mustering drum.
Fast on the soldier's path
Darken the waves of wrath,
Long have they gathered and loud shall they fall,
Red glares the musket's flash,
Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Gayly the plume of the horseman was dancing,
Never to shadow his cold brow again,
Proudly at morning the war-steed was prancing,
Reeking and panting he droops on the rein,

While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying
Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.
Borne on her northern pine,
Long o'er the foaming brine
Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun;
Heaven keep her ever free,
Wide as o'er land and sea
Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won.

But, circling with his azure zone,
The sea runs foaming round,
The whitening wave, the purpled skies,
The blue and lifted shore,
Braid with their dim and blending dyes
Our wide horizon o'er.

And who will leave the grave debate
That shakes the smoky town,
To rule amid our island-state,
And wear our oak-leaf crown?
And who will be awhile content
To hunt our woodland game,
And leave the vulgar pack that scent
The reeking track of fame?

Ah, who that shares in toils like these
Will sigh not to prolong
Our days beneath the broad-leaved trees,
Our nights of mirth and song?
Then leave the dust of noisy streets,
Ye outlaws of the wood,
And follow through his green retreats
Your noble Robin Hood.

Die-away dreams of ecstatic emotion,
Hopes like young eagles at play,
Vows of unheard-of and endless devotion,
How ye have faded away!

Yet, though the ebbing of Time's mighty river
Leave our young blossoms to die,
Let him roll smooth in his current forever,
Till the last pebble is dry.

But soon they knocked the wigwams down,
And pine-tree trunk and limb
Began to sprout among the leaves
In shape of steeples slim;
And out the little wharves were stretched
Along the ocean's rim,
And up the little schoolhouse shot
To keep the boys in trim.

And when, at length, the College rose,
The sachem cocked his eye
At every tutor's meagre ribs
Whose coat-tails whistled by;
But, when the Greek and Hebrew words
Came tumbling from their jaws,
The copper-colored children all
Ran screaming to the squaws.

And who was on the Catalogue
When college was begun?
Two nephews of the President,
And *the* Professor's son,
(They turned a little Indian by,
As brown as any bun),

But soon they knocked the wigwams down,
    And pine-tree trunk and limb
Began to sprout among the leaves
    In shape of steeples slim;
And out the little wharves were stretched
    Along the ocean's rim,
And up the little schoolhouse shot
    To keep the boys in trim.

And when, at length, the College rose,
    The sachem cocked his eye
At every tutor's meagre ribs
    Whose *coat-tails whistled by;*
But, when the Greek and Hebrew words
    Came tumbling from their jaws,
The copper-colored children all
    Ran screaming to the squaws.

And who was on the Catalogue
    When college was begun?
Two nephews of the President,
    And *the* Professor's son,
(They turned a little Indian by,
    As brown as any bun),

TERPSICHORE.*

In narrowest girdle, O reluctant Muse,
In closest frock and Cinderella shoes,
Bound to the foot-lights for thy brief display,
One zephyr step, and then dissolve away!

Short is the space that gods and men can spare
To Song's twin brother when she is not there.
Let others water every lusty line,
As Homer's heroes did their purple wine;
Pierian revellers! Known in strains like these
The native juice, the real honest squeeze, —
Strains that, diluted to the twentieth power,
In yon grave temple† might have filled an
hour.

---

* Read at the Annual Dinner of the Φ. B. K. Society, at Cambridge, August 24, 1843.

† The Annual Poem is always delivered in the neighboring church.

As the lost rustic on some festal day
Stares through the concourse in its vast array, —
Where in one cake a throng of faces runs,
All stuck together like a sheet of buns, —
And throws the bait of some unheeded name,
Or shoots a wink with most uncertain aim,
So roams my vision, wandering over all,
And strives to choose, but knows not where to
fall.

Skins of flayed authors, — husks of dead re
views, —
The turn-coat's clothes, — the office-seeker's
shoes, —
Scraps from cold feasts, where conversation runs
Through mouldy toasts to oxidated puns,
And grating songs a listening crowd endures,
Rasped from the throats of bellowing ama-
teurs; —
Sermons, whose writers played such dangerous
tricks
Their own heresiarchs called them heretics
(Strange that one term such distant poles
should link,

And ancient bell-crowns with contracted rim,
And bonnets hideous with expanded brim,
And coats whose memory turns the sartor pale,
Their sequels tapering like a lizard's tail; —
How might we spread them to the smiling day,
And toss them, fluttering like the new-mown
hay,
To laughter's light or sorrow's pitying shower,
Were these brief minutes lengthened to an hour.

The narrow moments fit like Sunday shoes,
How vast the heap, how quickly must we
choose;
A few small scraps from out his mountain mass
We snatch in haste, and let the vagrant pass.

This shrunken CRUST that Cerberus could not
bite,
Stamped (in one corner) "Pickwick copyright,"
Kneaded by youngsters, raised by flattery's
yeast,
Was once a loaf, and helped to make a feast.
He for whose sake the glittering show appears
Has sown the world with laughter and with
tears,

And thrills the hand that smooths her glossy
fur
With the light tremor of her grateful purr.

But what sad music fills the quiet hall,
If on her back a feline rival fall;
And oh, what noises shake the tranquil house,
If old Self-interest cheats her of a mouse!

Thou, O my country, hast thy foolish ways,
Too apt to purr at every stranger's praise;
But, if the stranger touch thy modes or laws,
Off goes the velvet and out come the claws!
And thou, Illustrious! but too poorly paid
In toasts from Pickwick for thy great crusade,
Though, while the echoes labored with thy
name,
The public trap denied thy little game,
Let other lips our jealous laws revile, —
The marble Talfourd or the rude Carlyle, —
But on thy lids, that Heaven forbids to close
Where'er the light of kindly nature glows,
Let not the dollars that a churl denies
Weigh like the shillings on a dead man's eyes!

rbid and dark the mighty wave is whirled
at drains our Andes and divides a world!

ut lo! a PARCHMENT! Surely it would seem
The sculptured impress speaks of power supreme;
Some grave design the solemn page must claim
That shows so broadly an emblazoned name;
A sovereign's promise! Look, the lines afford
All Honor gives when Caution asks his word,
There sacred Faith has laid her snow-white hands,
And awful Justice knit her iron bands;
Yet every leaf is stained with treachery's dye,
And every letter crusted with a lie. .
Alas! no treason has degraded yet
The Arab's salt, the Indian's calumet;
A simple rite, that bears the wanderer's pledge,
Blunts the keen shaft and turns the dagger's edge;—
While jockeying senates stop to sign and seal,
And freeborn statesmen legislate to steal.
Rise, Europe, tottering with thine Atlas load,
Turn thy proud eye to Freedom's blest abode,

Each bristling crop a dangling mass becomes
And all the spoonies turn to Absaloms!
Nor this alone its magic power displays,
It alters strangely all their works and ways;
With uncouth words they tire their tender lungs,
The same bald phrases on their hundred
tongues;
"Ever" "The Ages" in their page appear,
"Alway" the bedlamite is called a "Seer";
On every leaf the "earnest" sage may scan,
Portentous bore! their "many-sided" man,—
A weak eclectic, groping vague and dim,
Whose every angle is a half-starved whim,
Blind as a mole and curious as a lynx,
Who rides a beetle, which he calls a "Sphinx."
And oh what questions asked in club-foot rhyme
Of Earth the tongueless and the deaf-mute
Time!
Here babbling "Insight" shouts in Nature's
ears
His last conundrum on the orbs and spheres;
There Self-inspection sucks its little thumb,
With "Whence am I?" and "Wherefore did I
come?"

Each bristling crop a dangling mass becomes,
And all the spoonies turn to Absaloms!
Nor this alone its magic power displays,
It alters strangely all their works and ways;
With uncouth words they tire their tender lungs,
The same bald phrases on their hundred
tongues;
"Ever" "The Ages" in their page appear,
"Alway" the bedlamite is called a "Seer";
On every leaf the "earnest" sage may scan,
Portentous bore! their "many-sided" man, —
A weak eclectic, groping vague and dim,
Whose every angle is a half-starved whim,
Blind as a mole and curious as a lynx,
Who rides a beetle, which he calls a "Sphinx."
And oh what questions asked in club-foot rhyme
Of Earth the tongueless and the deaf-mute
Time!
Here babbling "Insight" shouts in Nature's
ears
His last conundrum on the orbs and spheres;
There Self-inspection sucks its little thumb,
With "Whence am I?" and "Wherefore did I
come?" . •

Thou, soft as zephyr, wast content to fly
On the gilt pinions of a balmy sigh;
He, vast as Phœbus on his burning wheels,
Would stride through ether at Orion's heels;
Thy *emblem*, Laura, *was a perfume-jar*,
And thine, young Orpheus, is a pewter star;
The balance trembles, — be its verdict told
When the new jargon slumbers with the old!

Cease, playful goddess! From thine airy bound
Drop like a feather softly to the ground,
This light bolero grows a ticklish dance,
And there is mischief in thy kindling glance.
To-morrow bids thee, with rebuking frown,
Change thy gauze tunic for a home-made gown,
Too blest by fortune, if the passing day
Adorn thy bosom with its frail bouquet,
But oh still happier if the next forgets
Thy daring steps and dangerous pirouettes!

Here at thy feet my old allegiance own,
Thy subject still, and loyal to thy throne!

My dazzled glance explores the crowded hall;
Alas, how vain to hope the smiles of all!
I know my audience. All the gay and young
Love the light antics of a playful tongue;
And these, remembering some expansive line
My lips let loose among the nuts and wine,
Are all impatience till the opening pun
Proclaim the witty shamfight is begun.
Two fifths at least, if not the total half,
Have come infuriate for an earthquake laugh;
I know full well what alderman has tied
His red bandanna tight about his side;
I see the mother, who, aware that boys
Perform their laughter with superfluous noise,
Besides her kerchief, brought an extra one
To stop the explosions of her bursting son;
I know a tailor, once a friend of mine,
Expects great doings in the button line, —
For mirth's concussions rip the outward case,
And plant the stitches in a tenderer place.

While my gay stanza pleased the banquet's
lords,
The soul within was tuned to deeper chords!
Say, shall my arms, in other conflicts taught
To swing aloft the ponderous mace of thought,
Lift, in obedience to a school-girl's law
Mirth's tinsel wand or laughter's tickling straw?
Say, shall I wound with satire's rankling spear
The pure, warm hearts that bid me welcome
here?
No! while I wander through the land of dreams
To strive with great and play with trifling
themes,
Let some kind meaning fill the varied line;
You have your judgment, will you trust to
mine?

BETWEEN two breaths what crowded mysteries lie, —
The first short gasp, the last and long-drawn
sigh!
Like phantoms painted on the magic slide,
Forth from the darkness of the past we glide.

As the old poet vaguely used to deem,
As WESLEY questioned in his youthful dream?[1]
O could such mockery reach our souls indeed,
Give back the Pharaohs' or the Athenian's creed;
Better than this a heaven of man's device, —
The Indian's sports, the Moslem's paradise!

Or is our being's only end and aim
To add new glories to our Maker's name,
As the poor insect, shrivelling in the blaze,
Lends a faint sparkle to its streaming rays?
Does earth send upwards to the Eternal's ear
The mingled discords of her jarring sphere
To swell his anthem, while Creation rings
With notes of anguish from its shattered strings?
Is it for this the immortal Artist means
These conscious, throbbing, agonized machines?

Dark is the soul whose sullen creed can bind
In chains like these the all-embracing Mind,
No! two-faced bigot, thou dost ill reprove
The sensual, selfish, yet benignant Jove,
And praise a tyrant throned in lonely pride,
Who loves himself, and cares for naught beside

Nor this alone; a larger gift was thine,
A mightier purpose swelled his vast design;
Thought, — conscience, — will, — to make them
all thine own,
He rent a pillar from the eternal throne!

Made in his image, thou must nobly dare
The thorny crown of sovereignty to share.
With eye uplifted it is thine to view,
From thine own centre, heaven's o'er-arching
blue,
So round thy heart a beaming circle lies
No fiend can blot, no hypocrite disguise;
From all its orbs one cheering voice is heard,
Full to thine ear it bears the Father's word,
Now, as in Eden where his first-born trod
"Seek thine own welfare, true to man and
God!"

Think not too meanly of thy low estate;
Thou hast a choice, to choose is to create!
Remember whose the sacred lips that tell,
Angels approve thee when thy choice is well;
Remember, One, a judge of righteous men,
Swore to spare Sodom if she held but ten!

Tells through the mist where dazzled Mercury
burns,
And marks the spot where Uranus returns.
So, till by wrong or negligence effaced,
The living index which thy Maker traced
Repeats the line each starry Virtue draws
Through the wide circuit of creation's laws,
Still tracks unchanged the everlasting ray
Where the dark shadows of temptation stray;
But, once defaced, forgets the orbs of light,
And leaves thee wandering o'er the expanse of
night!

"What is thy creed?" a hundred lips in-
quire;
"Thou seekest God beneath what Christian
spire?"
Nor ask they idly, for uncounted lies
Float upward on the smoke of sacrifice;
When man's first incense rose above the plain,
Of earth's two altars one was built by Cain!
Uncursed by doubt, our earliest creed we
take;
We love the precepts for the teacher's sake;

Yet there are graves, whose rudely shapen sod
Bears the fresh footprints where the sexton trod;
Graves where the verdure has not dared to
shoot,
Where the chance wild-flower has not fixed its
root,
Whose slumbering tenants, dead without a
name,
The eternal record shall at length proclaim
Pure as the holiest in the long array
Of hooded, mitred, or tiaraed clay!

Come, seek the air; some pictures we may
gain
Whose passing shadows shall not be in vain;
Not from the scenes that crowd the stranger's
soil,
Not from our own amidst the stir of toil,
But when the Sabbath brings its kind release,
And Care lies slumbering on the lap of Peace.

The air is hushed, the street is holy ground;
Hark! The sweet bells renew their welcome
sound;

Want, in the robe whose faded edges fall
To tell of rags beneath the tartan shawl,
And wealth, in silks that, fluttering to appear,
Lift the deep borders of the proud cashmere.

See, but glance briefly, sorrow-worn and pale,
Those sunken cheeks beneath the widow's
veil;
Alone she wanders where with *him* she trod,
No arm to stay her, but she leans on God.

While other doublets deviate here and there
What secret handcuff binds that pretty pair?
Compactest couple! pressing side to side,—
Ah, the white bonnet that reveals the bride!
By the white neckcloth, with its straitened
tie,
The sober hat, the Sabbath-speaking eye,
Severe and smileless, he that runs may read
The stern disciple of Geneva's creed;
Decent and slow, behold his solemn march;
Silent he enters through yon crowded arch.

A livelier bearing of the outward man,
The light-hued gloves, the undevout rattan,

Six days at drudgery's heavy wheel she stands,
The seventh sweet morning folds her weary
  hands;
Yes, child of suffering, thou may'st well be
  sure
He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor!

This weekly picture faithful memory draws,
Nor claims the noisy tribute of applause,
Faint is the glow such barren hopes can lend,
And frail the line that asks no loftier end

Trust me, kind listener, I will yet beguile
Thy saddened features of the promised smile,
This magic mantle thou must well divide,
It has its sable and its ermine side;
Yet, ere the lining of the robe appears,
Take thou in silence, what I give in tears.

Dear listening soul, this transitory scene
Of murmuring stillness, busily serene,
This solemn pause, the breathing-space of man,
The halt of toil's exhausted caravan,
Comes sweet with music to thy wearied ear,
Rise with its anthems to a holier sphere!

See from the ashes of Helvetia's pile
The whitened skull of old Servetus smile!
Round her young heart thy "Romish Upas" threw
Its firm, deep fibres, strengthening as she grew;
Thy sneering voice may call them "Popish tricks," —
Her Latin prayers, her dangling crucifix, —
But *De Profundis* blessed her father's grave;
That "idol" cross her dying mother gave!
What if some angel looks with equal eyes
On her and thee, the simple and the wise,
Writes each dark fault against thy brighter creed,
And drops a tear with every foolish bead!

Grieve, as thou must, o'er history's reeking page;
Blush for the wrongs that stain thy happier age.
Strive with the wanderer from the better path,
Bearing thy message meekly, not in wrath,
Weep for the frail that err, the weak that fall,
Have thine own faith, — but hope and pray for all!

Leave what you've done for what you have to do;
Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.

Don't catch the fidgets; you have found your place
Just in the focus of a nervous race,
Fretful to change, and rabid to discuss,
Full of excitements, always in a fuss, —
Think of the patriarchs; then compare as men
These lean-cheeked maniacs of the tongue and pen!
Run, if you like, but try to keep your breath;
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death;
And with new notions, — let me change the rule, —
Don't strike the iron till it's slightly cool.

Choose well your *set;* our feeble nature seeks
The aid of clubs, the countenance of cliques,
And with this object settle first of all
Your weight of metal and your size of ball.
Track not the steps of such as hold you cheap,
Too mean to prize, though good enough to keep;

Leave what you've done for what you have to do;
Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.
Don't catch the fidgets; you have found your place
Just in the focus of a nervous race,
Fretful to change, and rabid to discuss,
Full of excitements, always in a fuss,—
Think of the patriarchs; then compare as men
These lean-cheeked maniacs of the tongue and pen!
Run, if you like, but try to keep your breath;
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death;
And with new notions,—let me change the rule,—
Don't strike the iron till it's slightly cool.

Choose well your *set;* our feeble nature seeks
The aid of clubs, the countenance of cliques,
And with this object settle first of all
Your weight of metal and your size of ball.
Track not the steps of such as hold you cheap,
Too mean to prize, though good enough to keep;

Leave what you've done for what you have to do;
Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.
Don't catch the fidgets; you have found your place
Just in the focus of a nervous race,
Fretful to change, and rabid to discuss,
Full of excitements, always in a fuss, —
Think of the patriarchs; then compare as men
These lean-cheeked maniacs of the tongue and pen!
Run, if you like, but try to keep your breath;
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death;
And with new notions, — let me change the rule, —
Don't strike the iron till it's slightly cool.

Choose well your *set;* our feeble nature seeks
The aid of clubs, the countenance of cliques,
And with this object settle first of all
Your weight of metal and your size of ball.
Track not the steps of such as hold you cheap,
Too mean to prize, though good enough to keep;

Leave what you've done for what you have to do;
Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.

Don't catch the fidgets; you have found your place
Just in the focus of a nervous race,
Fretful to change, and rabid to discuss,
Full of excitements, always in a fuss;—
Think of the patriarchs; then compare as men
These lean-cheeked maniacs of the tongue and pen!
Run, if you like, but try to keep your breath;
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death;
And with new notions,—let me change the rule,—
Don't strike the iron till it's slightly cool.

Choose well your *set;* our feeble nature seeks
The aid of clubs, the countenance of cliques,
And with this object settle first of all
Your weight of metal and your size of ball.
Track not the steps of such as hold you cheap,
Too mean to prize, though good enough to keep;

Be its apostle, congressman, or bard,
Spokesman, or jokesman, only drive it hard,
But know the forfeit which thy choice abides,
For on two wheels the poor reformer rides,
One black with epithets the *anti* throws,
One white with flattery, painted by the *pros.*

Though books on MANNERS are not out of print,
An honest tongue may drop a harmless hint.
Stop not, unthinking, every friend you meet,
To spin your wordy fabric in the street;
While you are emptying your colloquial pack,
The fiend *Lumbago* jumps upon his back.
Nor cloud his features with the unwelcome tale
Of how he looks, if haply thin and pale;
Health is a subject for his child, his wife,
And the rude office that insures his life
Look in his face, to meet thy neighbor's soul,
Not on his garments, to detect a hole;
"How to observe," is what thy pages
Pride of thy sex, Miss Harriet Marti
Oh, what a precious book the one
That taught observers what they're

Choose for yourself: I know it cuts your ear;
I know the points will sometimes interfere;
I know that often, like the filial John,
Whom sleep surprised with half his drapery on,
You show your features to the astonished town
With one side standing and the other down,—
But, O my friend! my favorite fellow-man!
If Nature made you on her modern plan,
Sooner than wander with your windpipe bare,—
The fruit of Eden ripening in the air,—
With that lean head-stalk, that protruding chin,
Wear standing collars, were they made of tin!
And have a neck-cloth,—by the throat of Jove
Cut from the funnel of a rusty stove!

The long-drawn lesson narrows to its close,
Chill, slender, slow, the dwindled current flows;
Tired of the ripples on its feeble springs,
Once more the Muse unfolds her upward wings.

Land of my birth, with this unhallowed
tongue,
Thy hopes, thy dangers, I perchance had
sung;

But, were it true that Nature's fostering sun
Saves all its daylight for that favorite one,
If for his forehead every wreath she means,
And we, poor children, must not touch the greens;
Since rocks and rivers cannot take the road
To seek the elected in his own abode,
Some voice must answer, for her precious heir,
One solemn question:—Who shall pay his fare?

Oh, when at length the expected bard shall come,
Land of our pride, to strike thine echoes dumb
(And many a voice exclaims in prose and rhyme
It's getting late, and he's behind his time),
When all thy mountains clap their hands in joy,
And all thy cataracts thunder "That's the boy,"—
Say if with him the reign of song shall end,
And Heaven declare its final dividend?

In vain the Arve and Arveiron dash,
No hymn salutes them but the Ranz des Vaches,
Till lazy Coleridge, by the morning's light,
Gazed for a moment on the fields of white,
And lo, the glaciers found at length a tongue,
Mont Blanc was vocal, and Chamouni sung!

Children of wealth or want, to each is given
One spot of green, and all the blue of heaven!
Enough, if these their outward shows impart;
The rest is thine, — the scenery of the heart.

If passion's hectic in thy stanzas glow
Thy heart's best life-blood ebbing as they flow,
If with thy verse thy strength and bloom distil,
Drained by the pulses of the fevered thrill;
If sound's sweet effluence polarize thy brain,
And thoughts turn crystals in thy fluid strain, —
Nor rolling ocean, nor the prairie's bloom,
Nor streaming cliffs, nor rayless cavern's gloom,
Need'st thou, young poet, to inform thy line,
Thy own broad signet stamps thy song divine!

Let others gaze where silvery streams are rolled,
And chase the rainbow for its cup of gold;

Be like the granite of thy rock-ribbed land, —
As slow to rear, as obdurate to stand;
And as the ice, that leaves thy crystal mine,
Chills the fierce alcohol in the Creole's wine,
So may the doctrines of thy sober school
Keep the hot theories of thy neighbors cool!

If ever, trampling on her ancient path,
Cankered by treachery, or inflamed by wrath,
With smooth "Resolves," or with discordant
cries,
The mad Briareus of disunion rise,
Chiefs of New England! by your sires' renown,
Dash the red torches of the rebel down!
Flood his black hearth-stone till its flames
expire,
Though your old Sachem fanned his council
fire!

But if at last, — her fading cycle run, —
The tongue must forfeit what the arm has
won,
Then rise, wild Ocean! roll thy surging shock
Full on old Plymouth's desecrated rock!

of this tower is still seen, half embedded in the brick-work, a cannon-ball, which was thrown from the American fortifications at Cambridge, during the bombardment of the city, then occupied by the British troops.

3. The "Old South," first occupied for public worship in 1730.

4. Park Street Church, built in 1809, the tall, white steeple of which is the most conspicuous of all the Boston spires.

5. Christ Church, opened for public worship in 1723, and containing a set of eight bells, the only chime in Boston.

NOTE 3. PAGE 234.

For the propriety of the term "*Celtic* blackness," see Laurence's *Lectures* (Salem, 1828), pp. 452, 453. But the ancient Celts appear to have been a xanthous, or fair-haired race. See Pritchard's *Nat Hist of Man* (London, 1843), pp. 183, 193, 196.

NOTE 4. PAGE 237.

The name first given by the English to Boston was TRIMOUNTAIN. The three hills upon and around which the city is built are Beacon Hill, Fort Hill, and Copp's Hill

In the early records of the colony, it is mentioned, under date of May 6, 1635, that "A BEACON is to be set on the Sentry hill, at Boston, to give notice to the country of any danger, to be guarded by one man stationed near,

THE PILGRIM'S VISION.

In the hour of twilight shadows
    The Puritan looked out,
He thought of the "bloudy Salvages"
    That lurked all round about,
Of Wituwamet's pictured knife
    And Pecksuot's whooping shout;
For the baby's limbs were feeble,
    Though his father's arms were stout

His home was a freezing cabin
    Too bare for the hungry rat,
Its roof was thatched with ragged grass
    And bald *enough* of that,
The hole that served for casement
    Was glazed with an ancient hat;
And the ice was gently thawing
    From the log whereon he sat.

Along the dreary landscape
    His eyes went to and fro,

"Again mine eyes were opened;—
    The feeble had waxed strong,
The babes had grown to sturdy men,
    The remnant was a throng;
By shadowed lake and winding stream
    And all the shores along,
The howling demons quaked to hear
    The Christian's godly song.

"They slept,—the village fathers,—
    By river, lake, and shore,
When far adown the steep of Time
    The vision rose once more;
I saw along the winter snow
    A spectral column pour,
And high above their broken ranks
    A tattered flag they bore.

"*Their Leader rode before them,*
    Of bearing calm and high,
The light of Heaven's own kindling
    Throned in his awful eye;
These were a Nation's champions
    Her dread appeal to try;

The mist was cleared, — a wreath of stars
  Rose o'er the crimsoned swell,
And, wavering from its haughty peak,
  The cross of England fell!

"O trembling Faith! though dark the morn,
  A heavenly torch is thine,
While feebler races melt away,
  And paler orbs decline,
Still shall the fiery pillar's ray
  Along thy pathway shine,
To light the chosen tribe that sought
  This Western Palestine!

"I see the living tide roll on,
  It crowns with flaming towers
The icy capes of Labrador,
  The Spaniard's 'land of flowers'!
It streams beyond the splintered ridge
  That parts the Northern showers,
From eastern rock to sunset wave
  The Continent is ours!"

He ceased, — the grim old Puritan, —
  Then softly bent to cheer

Yea, when the frowning bulwarks
That guard this holy strand
Have sunk beneath the trampling surge
In beds of sparkling sand,
While in the waste of ocean
One hoary rock shall stand
Be this its latest legend, —
HERE WAS THE PILGRIM'S LAND!

Strong is the pine by Maine's ambrosial
streams,
But stronger augers pierce its thickest beams;
No iron gate, no spiked and panelled door,
Can keep out death, the postman, or the
bore; —
O for a world where peace and silence reign,
And blunted dulness terebrates in vain!
— The door bell jingles, — enter Richard Fox,
And takes this letter from his leathern box.

"Dear Sir,
In writing on a former day,
One little matter I forgot to say;
I now inform you in a single line,
On Thursday next our purpose is to *dine.*
The act of feeding, as you understand,
Is but a fraction of the work in hand;
Its nobler half is that ethereal meat
The papers call 'the intellectual treat',
Songs speeches, toasts, around the festive
board,
Drowned in the juice the College pumps afford,
For only water flanks our knives and forks,

Jack, said my lady, is it grog you'll try,
Or punch, or toddy, if perhaps you're dry?
Ah, said the sailor, though I can't refuse,
You know, my lady, 'tain't for me to choose; —
I'll take the grog to finish off my lunch,
And drink the toddy while you mix the punch.

THE SPEECH. (The speaker, rising to be seen,
Looks very red, because so very green.)
I rise — I rise — with unaffected fear,
(Louder! — speak louder! — who the deuce can
hear?)
I rise — I said — with undisguised dismay —
— Such are my feelings as I rise, I say!
Quite unprepared to face this learned throng,
Already gorged with eloquence and song;
Around my view are ranged on either hand
The genius, wisdom, virtue of the land,
"Hands that the rod of empire might have
swayed"
Close at my elbow stir their lemonade;
Would you like Homer learn to write and
speak,

Through the long vista of uncounted years
In cloudless splendor (three tremendous cheers).
My eye prophetic, as the depths unfold,
Sees a new advent of the age of gold;
While o'er the scene new generations press,
New heroes rise the coming time to bless, —
Not such as Homer's, who, we read in Pope,
Dined without forks and never heard of soap, —
Not such as May to Marlborough Chapel brings,
Lean, hungry, savage, anti-everythings,
Copies of Luther in the pasteboard style, —
But genuine articles, — the true Carlyle;
While far on high the blazing orb shall shed
Its central light on Harvard's holy head,
And Learning's ensigns ever float unfurled
Here in the focus of the new-born world!

The speaker stops, and, trampling down the pause,
Roars through the hall the thunder of applause,
One stormy gust of long suspended Ahs!
One whirlwind chaos of insane hurrahs!

To see her ankles red with gold,
Her forehead white with pearls;
"Who gave to thee the glittering bands
That lace thine azure veins?
Who bade thee lift those snow-white hands
We bound in gilded chains?"

These are the gems my children gave,
The stately dame replied;
The wise, the gentle, and the brave,
I nurtured at my side;
If envy still your bosom stings,
Take back their rims of gold;
My sons will melt their wedding rings,
And give a hundred fold!

THE TOAST. — Oh, tell me, ye who thoughtless ask
Exhausted nature for a threefold task,
In wit and pathos if one share remains,
A safe investment for an ounce of brains?
Hard is the job to launch the desperate pun,
A pun-job dangerous as the Indian one.
Turned by the current of some stronger wit

Where hunted misery finds his darkest lair,
The midnight taper shows her kneeling there!

Virtue, — the guide that men and nations own,
And Law, the bulwark that protects her throne,
And Health, — to all its happiest charm that
    lends;
These and their servants, man's untiring
    friends;
Pour the bright lymph that Heaven itself le
    fall, —
In one fair bumper let us toast them all!

Where hunted misery finds his darkest lair,
The midnight taper shows her kneeling there!

VIRTUE, — the guide that men and nations own;
And LAW, the bulwark that protects her throne;
And HEALTH, — to all its happiest charm that
lends;
These and their servants, man's untiring
friends,
Pour the bright lymph that Heaven itself lets
fall, —
In one fair bumper let us toast them all!

He was not a ghost, my visitor, but solid flesh
and bone,
He wore a Palo Alto hat, his weight was
twenty stone;
(It's odd how hats expand their brims as riper
years invade,
As if when life had reached its noon, it wanted
them for shade!)

I lost my focus,—dropped my book,—the
bug, who was a flea,
At once exploded, and commenced experiments
on me.
They have a certain heartiness that frequently
appalls,—
Those mediæval gentlemen in semilunar smalls!

"My boy," he said—(colloquial ways,—the
vast, broad-hatted man),
"Come dine with us on Thursday next,—you
must, you know you can;
We're going to have a roaring time, with lots
of fun and noise,
Distinguished guests, et cetera, the JUDGE, and
all the boys."

It's a vastly pleasing prospect, when you're
screwing out a laugh,
That your very next year's income is diminished by a half,
And a little boy trips barefoot that Pegasus
may go,
And the baby's milk is watered that your Helicon may flow!

No; — the joke has been a good one, — but
I'm getting fond of quiet,
And I don't like deviations from my customary
diet;
So I think I will not go with you to hear the
toasts and speeches,
But stick to old Montgomery Place, and have
some pig and peaches.

The fat man answered · — Shut your mouth,
and hear the genuine creed;
The true essentials of a feast are only fun and
feed;
The force that wheels the planets round delights in spinning tops,
And that young earthquake t'other day was
great at shaking props.

It's a vastly pleasing prospect, when you're
screwing out a laugh,
That your very next year's income is diminished by a half,
And a little boy trips barefoot that Pegasus
may go,
And the baby's milk is watered that your Helicon may flow!

No; — the joke has been a good one, — but
I'm getting fond of quiet,
And I don't like deviations from my customary
diet;
So I think I will not go with you to hear the
toasts and speeches,
But stick to old Montgomery Place, and have
some pig and peaches.

The fat man answered: — Shut your mouth,
and hear the genuine creed;
The true essentials of a feast are only fun and
feed;
The force that wheels the planets round delights in spinning tops,
And that young earthquake t'other day was
great at shaking props.

And so I come, — like Lochinvar, to tread a single measure,
To purchase with a loaf of bread a sugar-plum of pleasure,
To enter for the cup of glass that's run for after dinner,
Which yields a single sparkling draught, then breaks and cuts the winner.

Ah, that's the way delusion comes, — a glass of old Madeira,
A pair of visual diaphragms revolved by Jane or Sarah,
And down go vows and promises without the slightest question
If eating words won't compromise the organs of digestion!

And yet, among my native shades, beside my nursing mother,
Where every stranger seems a friend, and every friend a brother,
I feel the old convivial glow (unaided) o'er me stealing, —
The warm, champagny, old-particular brandy-punchy feeling.

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL.

THIS ancient silver bowl of mine, — it tells of good old times,
Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and merry Christmas chimes;
They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave, and true,
That dipped their ladle in the punch when this old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar, — so runs the ancient tale;
'Twas hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was like a flail;
And now and then between the strokes, for fear his strength should fail,
He wiped his brow, and quaffed a cup of good old Flemish ale.

'Twas on a dreary winter's eve, the night was
closing dim,
When old Miles Standish took the bowl, and
filled it to the brim;
The little Captain stood and stirred the posset
with his sword,
And all his sturdy men at arms were ranged
about the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in, — the man
that never feared, —
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped
his yellow beard;
And one by one the musketeers, — the men that
fought and prayed, —
All drank as 'twere their mother's milk, and
not a man afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest, the scream-
ing eagle flew,
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the
soldier's wild halloo;
And there the sachem learned the rule he taught
to kith and kin,
"Run from the white man when you find he
smells of Hollands gin!"

I love the memory of the past, — its pressed
yet fragrant flowers, —
The moss that clothes its broken walls, — the
ivy on its towers, —
Nay, this poor bauble it bequeathed, — my eyes
grow moist and dim,
To think of all the vanished joys that danced
around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it
straight to me;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the
liquid be;
And may the cherubs on its face protect me
from the sin,
That dooms one to those dreadful words, —
"My dear, where *have* you been?"

Some said that his *liver* was short of *bile*,
And some that his *heart* was over size,
While some kept arguing all the while
He was crammed with *tubercles* up to his eyes.

This fine young man then up stepped he,
And all the doctors made a pause;
Said he, — The man must die, you see,
By the fifty-seventh of Louis's laws.

But, since the case is a desperate one,
To explore his chest it may be well,
For, if he should die and it were not done,
You know the *autopsy* would not tell.

Then out his stethoscope he took,
And on it placed his curious ear;
Mon Dieu! said he, with a knowing look,
Why, here is a sound that's mighty queer!

The *bourdonnement* is very clear, —
Amphoric buzzing, as I'm alive!
Five doctors took their turn to hear,
Amphoric buzzing, said all the five.

The *bruit de râpe* and the *bruit de scie*
And the *bruit de diable* are all combined;
How happy Bouillaud would be,
If he a case like this could find!

Now, when the neighboring doctors found
A case so rare had been descried,
They every day her ribs did pound
In squads of twenty, so she died.

Then six young damsels, slight and frail,
Received this kind young doctor's cares;
They all were getting slim and pale,
And short of breath on mounting stairs.

They all made rhymes with "sighs" and "skies,"
And loathed their puddings and buttered rolls,
And dieted, much to their friends' surprise,
On pickles and pencils and chalk and coals.

So fast their little hearts did bound,
The frightened insects buzzed the more;
So over all their chests he found
The *râle sifflant*, and *râle sonore*.

EXTRACTS FROM A MEDICAL POEM.

THE STABILITY OF SCIENCE.

THE feeble seabirds, blinded in the storms,
On some tall lighthouse dash their little forms,
And the rude granite scatters for their pains
Those small deposits that were meant for brains
Yet the proud fabric in the morning's sun
Stands all unconscious of the mischief done;
Still the red beacon pours its evening rays
For the lost pilot with as full a blaze,
Nay, shines, all radiance, o'er the scattered fleet
Of gulls and boobies brainless at its feet.
I tell their fate, though courtesy disclaims
To call our kind by such ungentle names;
Yet, if your rashness bid you vainly dare,
Think of their doom, ye simple, and beware!

See where aloft its hoary forehead rears
The towering pride of twice a thousand years!

EXTRACTS FROM A MEDICAL POEM.

THE STABILITY OF SCIENCE.

THE feeble seabirds, blinded in the storms,
On some tall lighthouse dash their little forms,
And the rude granite scatters for their pains
Those small deposits that were meant for brains
Yet the proud fabric in the morning's sun
Stands all unconscious of the mischief done;
Still the red beacon pours its evening rays
For the lost pilot with as full a blaze,
Nay, shines, all radiance, o'er the scattered fleet
Of gulls and boobies brainless at its feet.

I tell their fate, though courtesy disclaims
To call our kind by such ungentle names;
Yet, if your rashness bid you vainly dare,
Think of their doom, ye simple, and beware!

See where aloft its hoary forehead rears
The towering pride of twice a thousand years!

Too true to flatter, and too kind to sneer,
And only just when seemingly severe;
So gently blending courtesy and art,
That wisdom's lips seemed borrowing friendship's heart;
Taught by the sorrows that his age had known
In others' trials to forget his own,
As hour by hour his lengthened day declined,
The sweeter radiance lingered o'er his mind.
Cold were the lisp that spoke his early praise,
And hushed the voices of his morning days,
Yet the same accents dwelt on every tongue,
And love renewing kept him ever young.

A SENTIMENT.

Ὁ *βιος βραχυς* — life is but a song —
Ἡ *τεχνη μακρη* — art is wondrous long;
Yet to the wise her paths are ever fair,
And Patience smiles, though Genius may despair.
Give us but knowledge, though by slow degrees,
And blend our toil with moments bright as these;

A SONG OF OTHER DAYS.

As o'er the glacier's frozen sheet
    Breathes soft the Alpine rose,
So, through life's desert springing sweet,
    The flower of friendship grows;
And as, where'er the roses grow,
    Some rain or dew descends,
'Tis nature's law that wine should flow
    To wet the lips of friends.

Then once again, before we part,
    My empty glass shall ring,
And he that has the warmest heart
    Shall loudest laugh and sing.

They say we were not born to eat;
    But gray-haired sages think
It means, — Be moderate in your meat,
    And partly live to drink;

And o'er their best and bravest dead
They poured the dark-red wine.

Then once again, etc.

Methinks o'er every sparkling glass
Young Eros waves his wings,
And echoes o'er its dimples pass
From dead Anacreon's strings;
And, tossing round its beaded brim
Their locks of floating gold,
With bacchant dance and choral hymn
Return the nymphs of old.

Then once again, etc.

A welcome then to joy and mirth,
From hearts as fresh as ours,
To scatter o'er the dust of earth
Their sweetly mingled flowers;
'Tis Wisdom's self the cup that fills
In spite of Folly's frown,
And Nature, from her vine-clad hills,
That rains her life-blood down!

Then once again, etc.

And o'er their best and bravest dead
They poured the dark-red wine.

Then once again, etc.

Methinks o'er every sparkling glass
Young Eros waves his wings,
And echoes o'er its dimples pass
From dead Anacreon's strings;
And, tossing round its beaded brim
Their locks of floating gold,
With bacchant dance and choral hymn
Return the nymphs of old.

Then once again, etc.

A welcome then to joy and mirth,
From hearts as fresh as ours,
To scatter o'er the dust of earth
Their sweetly mingled flowers;
'Tis Wisdom's self the cup that fills
In spite of Folly's frown,
And Nature, from her vine-clad hills,
That rains her life-blood down!

Then once again, etc.

Where creep and crouch the shuddering Esquimaux; —
Ay, in the stream that ere again we meet,
Shall burst the pavement, glistening at our feet,
And, stealing silent from its leafy hills,
Thread all our alleys with its thousand rills, —
In each pale draught if generous feeling blend,
And o'er the goblet friend shall smile on friend,
Even cold Cochituate every heart shall warm,
And genial Nature still defy reform!

Though fiery sun and stiffening cold
May warp the fair ancestral mould,
No winter chills, no summer drains
The life-blood drawn from English veins, —
Still bearing, wheresoe'er it flows,
The love that with its fountain rose,
Unchanged by space, unwronged by time,
From age to age, from clime to clime!

Up the steep hill-side, where the laboring train
Slants the long track that scores the level plain;
Through the moist valley, clogged with oozing
clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way;
At every turn the loosening chains resound,
The swinging ploughshare circles glistening
round,
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

These are the hands whose sturdy labor brings
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings.
This is the page, whose letters shall be seen
Changed by the sun to words of living green,
This is the scholar, whose immortal pen
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men;
These are the lines, O heaven-commanded toil,
That fill thy deed, — the charter of the soil!

O gracious Mother, whose benignant breast
Wakes us to life, and lulls us all to rest,
How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of time!

And, true to God, to freedom, to mankind,
If her chained bandogs Faction shall unbind,
These stately forms, that bending even now
Bowed their strong manhood to the humble
plough,
Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,
The same stern iron in the same right hand,
Till Graylock thunders to the parting sun,
The sword has rescued what the ploughshare
won!

The dark-haired maiden loved its grassy dells,
The feathered warrior claimed its wooded swells,
Still on its slopes the ploughman's ridges show
The pointed flints that left his fatal bow,
Chipped with rough art and slow barbarian toil, —
Last of his wrecks that strews the alien soil!

Here spread the fields that waved the ripened store
Till the brown arms of Labor held no more;
The scythe's broad meadow with its dusky blush,
The sickle's harvest with its velvet flush;
The green haired maize, her silken tresses laid,
In soft luxuriance, on her harsh brocade,
The gourd that swells beneath her tossing plume,
The coarser wheat that rolls in lakes of bloom, —
Its coral stems and milk-white flowers alive
With the wide murmurs of the scattered hive
The glossy apple with the pencilled streak
Of morning painted on its southern cheek,

While with soft hands the pillowed turf we
spread
That soon shall hold us in its dreamless bed,
With the low whisper — Who shall first be laid
In the dark chamber's yet unbroken shade? —
Let thy sweet radiance shine rekindled here,
And all we cherish grow more truly dear.
Here in the gates of Death's o'erhanging vault,
Oh, teach us kindness for our brother's fault;
Lay all our wrongs beneath this peaceful sod
And lead our hearts to Mercy and its God.

FATHER of all! in Death's relentless claim
We read Thy mercy by its sterner name,
In the bright flower that decks the solemn
bier,
We see Thy glory in its narrowed sphere,
In the deep lessons that affliction draws,
We trace the curves of Thy encircling laws;
In the long sigh that sets our spirits free,
We own the love that calls us back to Thee!

Through the hushed street, along the silent
plain,

While with soft hands the pillowed turf we
spread
That soon shall hold us in its dreamless bed,
With the low whisper — Who shall first be laid
In the dark chamber's yet unbroken shade? —
Let thy sweet radiance shine rekindled here,
And all we cherish grow more truly dear.
Here in the gates of Death's o'erhanging vault,
Oh, teach us kindness for our brother's fault;
Lay all our wrongs beneath this peaceful sod.
And lead our hearts to Mercy and its God.

FATHER of all! in Death's relentless claim
We read Thy mercy by its sterner name,
In the bright flower that decks the solemn
bier,
We see Thy glory in its narrowed sphere,
In the deep lessons that affliction draws,
We trace the curves of Thy encircling laws,
In the long sigh that sets our spirits free,
We own the love that calls us back to Thee!

Through the hushed street, along the silent
plain,

ASTRÆA:

THE BALANCE OF ILLUSIONS.*

WHAT secret charm, long whispering in mine ear,
Allures, attracts, compels, and chains me here,
Where murmuring echoes call me to resign
Their sacred haunts to sweeter lips than mine,
Where silent pathways pierce the solemn shade,
In whose still depths my feet have never strayed,
Here, in the home where grateful children meet,
And I, half alien, take the stranger's seat,
Doubting, yet hoping that the gift I bear
May keep its bloom in this unwonted air?
Hush, idle fancy, with thy needless art,
Speak from thy fountains, O my throbbing heart!

---

* A poem delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College, August 14, 1850

How the grave Senior, he whose later fame
Stamps on our laws his own undying name,
Saw from on high, with half-paternal joy,
Some spark of promise in the studious boy,
And bade him enter, with benignant tone,
Those stately precincts which he called his
own,
Where the fresh student and the youthful sage
Read by one taper from the common page;
How the true comrade, whose maturer date
Graced the large honors of his ancient State,
Sought his young friendship, which through
every change
No time could weaken, no remove estrange;
How the great MASTER, reverend, solemn, wise,
Fixed on his face those calm, majestic eyes,
Full of grave meaning, where a child might
read
The Hebraist's patience and the Pilgrim's
creed,
But warm with flashes of parental fire
That drew the stripling to his second sire;
How kindness ripened, till the youth might dare
Take the low seat beside his sacred chair,

Alone, alone, the awful past I tread
White with the marbles of the slumbering
dead;
One shadowy form my dreaming eyes behold
That leads my footsteps as it led of old,
One floating voice, amid the silence heard,
Breathes in my ear love's long unspoken
word; —
These are the scenes thy youthful eyes have
known;
My heart's warm pulses claim them as its own!
The sapling compassed in thy fingers' clasp,
My arms scarce circle in their twice-told grasp,
Yet in each leaf of yon o'ershadowing tree
I read a legend that was traced by thee.
Year after year the living wave has beat
These smooth-worn channels with its trampling
feet,
Yet in each line that scores the grassy sod
I see the pathway where thy feet have trod
Though from the scene that hears my faltering
lay,
The few that loved thee long have passed
away,

WINTER is past; the heart of Nature warms
Beneath the wrecks of unresisted storms,
Doubtful at first, suspected more than seen,
The southern slopes are fringed with tender green,
On sheltered banks, beneath the dripping eaves,
Spring's earliest nurslings spread their glowing leaves,
Bright with the hues from wider pictures won,
White, azure, golden, — drift, or sky, or sun; —
The snowdrop, bearing on her patient breast
The frozen trophy torn from winter's crest;
The violet, gazing on the arch of blue
Till her own iris wears its deepened hue;
The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the mould
Naked and shivering with his cup of gold.
Swelled with new life, the darkening elm on high
Prints her thick buds against the spotted sky;
On all her boughs the stately chestnut cleaves
The gummy shroud that wraps her embryo leaves,
The housefly, stealing from his narrow grave,
Drugged with the opiate that November gave,

O'er her tall blades the crested fleur-de-lis,
Like blue-eyed Pallas, towers erect and free;
With yellower flames the lengthened sunshine
glows,
And love lays bare the passion-breathing rose;
Queen of the lake, along its reedy verge
The rival lily hastens to emerge,
Her snowy shoulders glistening as she strips,
Till morn is sultan of her parted lips.

Then bursts the song from every leafy glade,
The yielding season's bridal serenade;
Then flash the wings returning summer calls
Through the deep arches of her forest halls;
The bluebird breathing from his azure plumes
The fragrance borrowed where the myrtle
blooms;
The thrush, poor wanderer, dropping meekly
down,
Clad in his remnant of autumnal brown,
The oriole, drifting like a flake of fire
Rent by the whirlwind from a blazing spire,
The robin, jerking his spasmodic throat,
Repeats, *staccato*, his peremptory note,

Or through the sash that bars yon narrow cage
Slanted, intrusive, on the opened page?
Is this soft breath the same complaining gale
That filled my slumbers with its murmuring
wail?
Is this green mantle of elastic sod
The same brown desert with its frozen clod,
Where the last ridges of the dingy snow
Lie till the windflower blooms unstained below?

Thus to my heart its wonted tides return
When sullen Winter breaks his crystal urn,
And o'er the turf in wild profusion showers
Its dewy leaflets and ambrosial flowers.
In vacant rapture for a while I range
Through the wide scene of universal change,
Till, as the statue in its nerves of stone
Felt the new senses wakening one by one,
Each long-closed inlet finds its destined ray
Through the dark curtain Spring has rent away.
I crush the buds the clustering lilacs bear,
The same sweet fragrance that I loved is there,
The same fresh hues each opening disk reveals;
Soft as of old each silken petal feels;

Here, while the night-wind wreaked its frantic
will
On the loose ocean and the rock-bound hill,
Rent the cracked topsail from its quivering
yard,
And rived the oak a thousand storms had
scarred,
Fenced by these walls the peaceful taper shone,
Nor felt a breath to swerve its trembling cone.

Not all unblest the mild interior scene
When the red curtain spread its folded screen,
O'er some light task the lonely hours were
past,
And the long evening only flew too fast,
Or the wide chair its leathern arms would
lend,
In genial welcome to some easy friend,
Stretched on its bosom with relaxing nerves,
Slow moulding, plastic, to its hollow curves,
Perchance indulging, if of generous creed,
In brave Sir Walter's dream-compelling weed
Or, happier still, the evening hour would bring
To the round table its expected ring,

This old Decretal, won from Kloss's hoards,
Thick-leafed, brass-cornered, ribbed with oaken
boards,
Stands the gray patriarch of the graver rows,
Its fourth ripe century narrowing to its close;
Not daily conned, but glorious still to view
With glistening letters wrought in red and blue.
There towers Stagira's all-embracing sage,
The Aldine anchor on his opening page,
There sleep the births of Plato's heavenly
mind
In yon dark tome by jealous clasps confined,
"Olim e libris" — (dare I call it mine?)
Of Yale's great Head and Killingworth's divine!
In those square sheets the songs of Maro fill
The silvery types of smooth-leafed Baskerville,
High over all, in compact close array,
Their classic wealth the Elzevirs display.
In lower regions of the sacred space
Range the dense volumes of a humbler race;
There grim chirurgeons all their mysteries
teach
In spectral pictures, or in crabbed speech,
Harvey and Haller, fresh from Nature's page,

Not less should miss it from the appointed place;
I snatch the book, along whose burning leaves
His scarlet web our wild romancer weaves,
Yet, while proud Hester's fiery pangs I share,
My old MAGNALIA must be standing *there!*

See, while I speak my fireside joys return,
The lamp rekindles and the ashes burn,
The dream of summer fades before their ray,
As in red firelight sunshine dies away.

A twofold picture, ere the first was gone,
The deepening outline of the next was drawn.
And wavering fancy hardly dares to choose
The first or last of her dissolving views.

No Delphic sage is wanted to divine
The shape of Truth beneath my gauzy line;
Yet there are truths, — like schoolmates, once
well known,
But half remembered, not enough to own, —
That lost from sight in life's bewildering train,
May be, like strangers, introduced again,
Dressed in new feathers, as from time to time
May please our friends, the milliners of rhyme.

The lover, tenant of the neighboring lane,
Sighing, and fearing lest he sigh in vain,
Hears the stern accents, as they come and go,
Their only burden one despairing No!
Ocean's rough child, whom many a shore has known
Ere homeward breezes swept him to his own,
Starts at the echo as it circles round,
A thousand memories kindling with the sound;
The early favorite's unforgotten charms,
Whose blue initials stain his tawny arms;
His first farewell, the flapping canvas spread,
The seaward streamers crackling o'er his head,
His kind, pale mother, not ashamed to weep
Her first-born's bridal with the haggard deep,
While the brave father stood with tearless eye,
Smiling and choking with his last good-by.

'Tis but a wave, whose spreading circle beats,
With the same impulse, every nerve it meets,
Yet who shall count the varied shapes that ride
On the round surge of that aerial tide!

Not one strong tyrant holds the servile chain,
Where all may vote, and each may hope to reign;
One sturdy cord a single limb may bind,
And leave the captive only half confined,
But the free spirit finds its legs and wings
Tied with unnumbered Liliputian strings,
Which, like the spider's undiscovered fold,
In countless meshes round the prisoner rolled,
With silken pressure that he scarce can feel,
Clamp every fibre as in bands of steel!

Hard is the task to point in civil phrase
One's own dear people's foolish works or ways;
Woe to the friend that marks a touchy fault,
Himself obnoxious to the world's assault!
Think what an earthquake is a nation's hiss,
That takes its circuit through a land like this.
Count with the census, would you be precise,
From sea to sea, from oranges to ice;
A thousand myriads are its virile lungs,
A thousand myriads its contralto tongues!

The arctic fungus, and the desert palm;
Loves them alike, and wills that each maintain
Its destined share of her divided reign;
No creeping moss refuse her crystal gem,
No soaring pine her cloudy diadem!

Alas! her children, borrowing but in part
The flowing pulses of her generous heart,
Shame their kind mother with eternal strife
At all the crossings of their mingled life,
Each age, each people, finds its ready shifts
To quarrel stoutly o'er her choicest gifts.

History can tell of early ages dim,
When man's chief glory was in strength of limb;
Then the best patriot gave the hardest knocks,
The height of virtue was to fell an ox
Ill fared the babe of questionable mould,
Whom its stern father happened to behold
In vain the mother with her ample [illegible]
Hid the poor nursling on her thro[illegible]
No tears could save him from the [illegible]
To live an insult to the warlike [illegible]

As the deep galleon trusts her gilded prow
When the black corsair slants athwart her bow;
As the poor pheasant, with his peaceful mien,
Trusts to his feathers, shining golden green,
When the dark plumage with the crimson beak
Has rustled shadowy from its splintered peak,
So trust thy friends, whose idle tongues would
 charm
The lifted sabre from thy foeman's arm,
Thy torches ready for the answering peal
From bellowing fort and thunder-freighted keel!

Yet when thy champion's stormy task is done,
The frigate silenced and the fortress won,
When toil-worn valor claims his laurel wreath,
His reeking cutlass slumbering in its sheath,
The fierce declaimer shall be heard once more,
Whose twang was smothered by the conflict's
 roar;
Heroes shall fall that strode unharmed away
Through the red heaps of many a doubtful day,
Hacked in his sermons, riddled in his prayers,
The broadcloth slashing what the broadsword
 spares!

Dark in the brow and bilious in the cheek,
Whose yellowish linen flowers but once a week,
Conspicuous, annual, in their threadbare suits,
And the laced high-lows which they call their
boots.
Well mayst thou *shun* that dingy front severe,
But him, O stranger, him thou canst not *fear!*

Be slow to judge, and slower to despise,
Man of broad shoulders and heroic size!
The tiger, writhing from the boa's rings,
Drops at the fountain where the cobra stings.
In that lean phantom, whose extended glove
Points to the text of universal love,
Behold the master that can tame thee down
To crouch, the vassal of his Sunday frown;
His velvet throat against thy corded wrist,
His loosened tongue against thy doubled fist!

The Moral Bully, though he never swears,
Nor kicks intruders down his entry stairs,
Though meekness plants his backward sloping
hat,
And non-resistance ties his white cravat,

If generous fortune give me leave to choose
My saucy neighbors barefoot or in shoes,
I leave the hero blustering while he dares
On platforms furnished with posterior stairs,
Till prudence drives him to his "earnest" legs
With large bequest of disappointed eggs,
And take the brawler whose unstudied dress
Becomes him better, and protects him less,
Give me the bullying of the scoundrel crew,
If swaggering virtue wont insult me too!
Come, let us breathe, a something not divine
Has mingled, bitter, with the flowing line.
Pause for a moment, while our soul forgets
The noisy tribe in panta-loons or -lets;
Nor pass, ungrateful, by the debt we owe
To those who teach us half of all we know,
Not in rude license, or unchristian scorn,
But hoping, loving, pitying, while they warn!

Sweep out the pieces! Round a careless room
The feather duster follows up the broom;
If the last target took a round of grape
To knock its beauty something out of shape,

Stiff as a beetle spiked upon a pin.
Plant him in Boston, and his sheet he fills
With all the slipslop of his threefold hills,
Talks as if Nature kept her choicest smiles
Within his radius of a dozen miles,
And nations waited till his next Review
Had made it plain what Providence must do.
Would you believe him, water is not damp
Except in buckets with the Hingham stamp,
And Heaven should build the walls of Paradise
Of Quincy granite lined with Wenham ice.

But Hudson's banks, with more congenial skies
Swell the small creature to alarming size,
A gayer pattern wraps his flowery chest,
A sham more brilliant sparkles on his breast,
An eyeglass, hanging from a gilded chain,
Taps the white leg that tips his rakish cane,
Strings of new names, the glories of the age,
Hang up to dry on his exterior page,
Titanic pygmies, shining lights obscure,
His favored sheets have managed to secure,
Whose wide renown beyond their own abode

The poorest hamlet on the mountain's side
Looks on her glories with a sister's pride;
When the first babes her fruitful ship-yards wean,
Play round the breasts of Ocean's conquered queen,
The shout of millions, borne on every breeze,
Sweeps with EXCELSIOR o'er the enfranchised seas!

Yet not too rashly let her think to bind
Beneath her circlet all the nation's mind;
Our star-crowned mother, whose informing soul
Clings to no fragment, but pervades the whole,
Views with a smile the clerk of Maiden Lane,
Who takes her ventral ganglion for her brain!
No fables tell us of Minervas born
From bags of cotton or from sacks of corn;
The halls of Leyden Science used to cram,
While dulness snored in purse-proud Amsterdam!

But those old burghers had a foggy clime,
And better luck may come the second time;

Cheats the young sportsman thirsting for his
blood.
So by long living on a single lie,
Nay, on one truth, will creatures get its dye;
Red, yellow, green, they take their subject's
hue, —
Except when squabbling turns them black and
blue!

The song is passing. Let its meaning rise
To loftier notes before its echo dies,
Nor leave, ungracious, in its parting train
A trivial flourish or discordant strain.

These lines may teach, rough-spoken though
they be,
Thy gentle creed, divinest Charity!
Truth is at heart not always as she seems,
Judged by our sleeping or our waking dreams.

We trust and doubt, we question and believe,
From life's dark threads a trembling faith to
weave,
Frail as the web that misty night has spun,

One sad, sweet look from those expiring
charms
The clasping centuries strangle in their arms,
Dreams of old halls, and shadowy arches green,
And kindly faces loved as soon as seen!

Sleep, till the fires of manhood fade away,
The sprinkled locks have saddened into gray,
And age, oblivious, blends thy memories old
With hoary legends that his sire has told!

REPRINTED FROM
"THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE."

POEMS

REPRINTED FROM "THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE."

ALBUM VERSES.

When Eve had led her lord away,
And Cain had killed his brother,
The stars and flowers, the poets say,
Agreed with one another

To cheat the cunning tempter's art,
And teach the race its duty,
By keeping on its wicked heart
Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,
Will be at least a warning,
And so the flowers would watch by day,
The stars from eve to morning.

LATTER-DAY WARNINGS.

When legislators keep the law,
  When banks dispense with bolts and locks,
When berries, whortle — rasp — and straw —
  Grow bigger *downwards* through the box, —

When he that selleth house or land
  Shows leak in roof or flaw in right, —
When haberdashers choose the stand
  Whose window hath the broadest light, —

When preachers tell us all they think,
  And party leaders all they mean, —
When what we pay for, that we drink,
  From real grape and coffee-bean, —

When lawyers take what they would give,
  And doctors give what they would take, —
When city fathers eat to live,
  Save when they fast for conscience' sake, —

YES, WE KNEW WE MUST LOSE HIM.

Yes, we knew we must lose him, — though friendship may claim
To blend her green leaves with the laurels of fame,
Though fondly, at parting, we call him our own,
'Tis the whisper of love when the bugle has blown.

As the rider that rests with the spur on his heel, —
As the guardsman that sleeps in his corselet of steel, —
As the archer that stands with his shaft on the string,
He stoops from his toil to the garland we bring

What pictures yet slumber unborn in his loom
Till their warriors shall breathe and their beauties shall bloom.

So fill a bright cup with the sunlight that gushed
When the dead summer's jewels were trampled
and crushed:
THE TRUE KNIGHT OF LEARNING, — the world
holds him dear, —
Love bless him, Joy crown him, God speed his
career!

One after one the troubles all are past
Till the fifth act comes right side up at last,
When the young couple, old folks, rogues, and all,
Join hands, *so* happy at the curtain's fall.
— Here suffering virtue ever finds relief,
And black-browed ruffians always come to grief,
— When the lorn damsel, with a frantic screech,
And cheeks as hueless as a brandy-peach,
Cries, "Help, kyind Heaven!" and drops upon her knees
On the green — baize, — beneath the (canvas) trees, —
See to her side avenging Valor fly:—
"Ha! Villain! Draw! Now, Terraitorr, yield or die!"
— When the poor hero flounders in despair,
Some dear lost uncle turns up millionnaire, —
Clasps the young scapegrace with paternal joy,
Sobs on his neck, "*My boy!* MY BOY!! MY BOY!!!"

Ours, then, sweet friends, the real world to-night
Of love that conquers in disaster's spite.

One day a prisoner Justice had to kill
Knelt at the block to test the artist's skill.
Bare-armed, swart-visaged, gaunt, and shaggy-browed,
Rudolph the headsman rose above the crowd.
His falchion lightened with a sudden gleam,
As the pike's armor flashes in the stream.
He sheathed his blade; he turned as if to go;
The victim knelt, still waiting for the blow.
"Why strikest not? Perform thy murderous act,"
The prisoner said. (His voice was slightly cracked.)
"Friend, I *have* struck," the artist straight replied;
"Wait but one moment, and yourself decide."
He held his snuff-box,—"Now then, if you please!"
The prisoner sniffed, and, with a crashing sneeze,
Off his head tumbled,—bowled along the floor,—
Bounced down the steps;—the prisoner said no more!

HERE IT IS, — WITH THE *SLIGHT ALTERATIONS!*

Come! fill a fresh bumper, — for why should we go
While the ~~nectar~~ [logwood] still reddens our cups as they flow?
Pour out the ~~rich juices~~ [decoction] still bright with the sun,
Till o'er the brimmed crystal the ~~rubies~~ [dye-stuff] shall run.

The ~~purple-globed clusters~~ [half-ripened apples] their life-dews have bled;
How sweet is the ~~breath~~ [taste] of the ~~fragrance they shed~~ [sugar of lead]!
For summer's ~~last roses~~ [rank poisons] lie hid in the ~~wines~~ [*wines!!!*]
That were garnered by ~~maidens who laughed through the vines.~~ [stable-boys smoking long-nines.]

HERE IT IS, — WITH THE *SLIGHT ALTERATIONS!*

Come! fill a fresh bumper, — for why should we go
While the ~~nectar~~ logwood still reddens our cups as they flow?
Pour out the ~~rich juices~~ decoction still bright with the sun,
Till o'er the brimmed crystal the ~~rubies~~ dye-stuff shall run.

The ~~purple globed clusters~~ half-ripened apples their life-dews have
bled;
How sweet is the ~~breath~~ taste of the ~~fragrance they shed~~ sugar of lead!
For summer's ~~last roses~~ rank poisons lie hid in the ~~wines~~ *wines!!!*
That were garnered by ~~maidens who laughed through the vines.~~ stable-boys smoking long-nines.

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

O for one hour of youthful joy!
  Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
  Than reign a gray-beard king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!
  Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
  And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream
  From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
  Of life all love and fame!

— My listening angel heard the prayer,
  And calmly smiling, said,
"If I but touch thy silvered hair,
  Thy hasty wish hath sped

The smiling angel dropped his pen, —
"Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"

And so I laughed, — my laughter woke
The household with its noise, —
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

The smiling angel dropped his pen,—
"Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"

And so I laughed,—my laughter woke
The household with its noise,—
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the
old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by
thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
that sings.—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting
sea!

Those flitting shapes that never die,
  The swift-winged visions of the past.
Kiss but the crystal's mystic rim,
  Each shadow rends its flowery chain,
Springs in a bubble from its brim
  And walks the chambers of the brain.

Poor Beauty! time and fortune's wrong
  No form nor feature may withstand, —
Thy wrecks are scattered all along,
  Like emptied sea-shells on the sand; —
Yet, sprinkled with this blushing rain,
  The dust restores each blooming girl,
As if the sea-shells moved again
  Their glistening lips of pink and pearl.

Here lies the home of schoolboy life,
  With creaking stair and wind-swept hall,
And, scarred by many a truant knife,
  Our old initials on the wall,
Here rest — their keen vibrations mute —
  The shout of voices known so well,
The ringing laugh, the wailing flute,
  The chiding of the sharp-tongued bell.

WHAT WE ALL THINK.

THAT age was older once than now,
  In spite of locks untimely shed,
Or silvered on the youthful brow;
  That babes make love and children wed.

That sunshine had a heavenly glow,
  Which faded with those "good old days,"
When winters came with deeper snow,
  And autumns with a softer haze.

That — mother, sister, wife, or child —
  The "best of women" each has known.
Were schoolboys ever half so wild?
  How young the grandpapas have grown.

That *but for this* our souls were free,
  And *but for that* our lives were blest;
That in some season yet to be
  Our cares will leave us time to rest.

Though temples crowd the crumbled brink
O'erhanging truths eternal flow,
Their tablets bold with *what we think*,
Their echoes dumb to *what we know;*

That one unquestioned text we read,
All doubt beyond, all fear above,
Nor crackling pile nor cursing creed
Can burn or blot it: GOD IS LOVE!

MY LADY'S CHEEK CAN BOAST NO MORE.

My lady's cheek can boast no more
The cranberry white and pink it wore,
And where her shining locks divide,
The parting line is all too wide —

Tranced in her Lord's Olympian smile
His lotus-loving Memphian lies,—
The musky daughter of the Nile
With plaited hair and almond eyes.

Might we but share one wild caress
Ere life's autumnal blossoms fall,
And Earth's brown, clinging lips impress
The long cold kiss that waits us all!

My bosom heaves, remembering yet
The morning of that blissful day
When Rose, the flower of spring, I met,
And gave my raptured soul away.

Flung from her eyes of purest blue,
A lasso, with its leaping chain
Light as a loop of larkspurs, flew
O'er sense and spirit, heart and brain

Thou com'st to cheer my waning age,
Sweet vision, waited for so long!
Dove that would seek the poet's cage
Lured by the magic breath of song!

CALL HIM NOT OLD, WHOSE VISIONARY BRAIN.

Call him not old, whose visionary brain
Holds o'er the past its undivided reign.
For him in vain the envious seasons roll
Who bears eternal summer in his soul.
If yet the minstrel's song, the poet's lay,
Spring with her birds, or children with their play,
Or maiden's smile, or heavenly dream of art
Stir the few life-drops creeping round his heart, —
Turn to the record where his years are told, —
Count his gray hairs, — they cannot make him old!

CALL HIM NOT OLD, WHOSE VISIONARY BRAIN.

Call him not old, whose visionary brain
Holds o'er the past its undivided reign.
For him in vain the envious seasons roll
Who bears eternal summer in his soul.
If yet the minstrel's song, the poet's lay,
Spring with her birds, or children with their play,
Or maiden's smile, or heavenly dream of art
Stir the few life-drops creeping round his heart, —
Turn to the record where his years are told, —
Count his gray hairs, — they cannot make him old!

AU BANQUET DE LA VIE, INFORTUNÉ CONVIVE.

"Au banquet de la vie, infortuné convive,
 J'apparus un jour, et je meurs;
Je meurs, et sur ma tombe, ou lentement j'arrive,
 Nul ne viendra verser des pleurs."

At life's gay banquet placed, a poor, unhappy guest,
 One day I pass, then disappear;
I die, and on the tomb where I at length shall rest
 No friend shall come to shed a tear.

The elms have robed their slender spray
  With full-blown flower and embryo leaf;
Wide o'er the clasping arch of day
  Soars like a cloud their hoary chief.

—[See the proud tulip's flaunting cup,
  That flames in glory for an hour,—
Behold it withering,—then look up,—
  How meek the forest-monarch's flower!—

When wake the violets, Winter dies;
  When sprout the elm-buds, Spring is near;
When lilacs blossom, Summer cries,
  "Bud, little roses! Spring is here!"]

The windows blush with fresh bouquets,
  Cut with the May-dew on their lips;
The radish all its bloom displays,
  Pink as Aurora's finger-tips.

Nor less the flood of light that showers
  On beauty's changed corolla-shades,—
The walks are gay as bridal bowers
  With rows of many-petalled maids

A GOOD TIME GOING!

BRAVE singer of the coming time,
 Sweet minstrel of the joyous present,
Crowned with the noblest wreath of rhyme,
 The holly-leaf of Ayrshire's peasant,
Good-bye! Good-bye!—Our hearts and hands,
 Our lips in honest Saxon phrases,
Cry, God be with him, till he stands
 His feet among the English daisies!

'Tis here we part;—for other eyes
 The busy deck, the fluttering streamer,
The dripping arms that plunge and rise,
 The waves in foam, the ship in tremor,
The kerchiefs waving from the pier,
 The cloudy pillar gliding o'er him.
The deep blue desert, lone and drear,
 With heaven above and home before him!

One-half her soil has walked the rest
  In poets, heroes, martyrs, sages!

Hugged in the clinging billow's clasp,
  From sea-weed fringe to mountain heather,
The British oak with rooted grasp
  Her slender handful holds together; —
With cliffs of white and bowers of green,
  And Ocean narrowing to caress her,
And hills and threaded streams between, —
  Our little mother isle, God bless her!

In earth's broad temple where we stand,
  Fanned by the eastern gales that brought us,
We hold the missal in our hand,
  Bright with the lines our Mother taught us;
Where'er its blazoned page betrays
  The glistening links of gilded fetters,
Behold, the half-turned leaf displays
  Her rubric stained in crimson letters!

Enough! To speed a parting friend
  'Tis vain alike to speak and listen, —
Yet stay, — these feeble accents blend
  With rays of light from eyes that glisten,

THE TWO ARMIES.

As Life's unending column pours,
  Two marshalled hosts are seen, —
Two armies on the trampled shores
  That Death flows black between.

One marches to the drum-beat's roll,
  The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,
And bears upon a crimson scroll,
  "Our glory is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream,
  With sad, yet watchful eyes,
Calm as the patient planet's gleam
  That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,
  No blood-red pennons wave;
Its banner bears the single line,
  "Our duty is to save."

Though from the Hero's bleeding breast
  Her pulses Freedom drew,
Though the white lilies in her crest
  Sprang from that scarlet dew, —

While Valor's haughty champions wait
  Till all their scars are shown,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
  To sit beside the Throne!

Come to me! — I will flood thy silent shrine
With my soul's sacred wine,
And heap thy marble floors
As the wild spice-trees waste their fragrant stores
In leafy islands walled with madrepores
And lapped in Orient seas,
When all their feathery palms toss, plume-like, in
the breeze.

Come to me! — thou shalt feed on honied words,
Sweeter than song of birds; —
No wailing bulbul's throat,
No melting dulcimer's melodious note,
When o'er the midnight wave its murmurs float,
Thy ravished sense might soothe
With flow so liquid-soft, with strain so velvet-
smooth.

Thou shalt be decked with jewels, like a queen,
Sought in those bowers of green
Where loop the clustered vines
And the close-clinging dulcamara twines, —
Pure pearls of Maydew where the moonlight
shines,

Come while their balms the linden-blossoms
shed!—
Come while the rose is red,—
While blue-eyed Summer smiles
On the green ripples round yon sunken piles
Washed by the moon-wave warm from Indian
isles,
And on the sultry air
The chestnuts spread their palms like holy men
in prayer!

Oh, for thy burning lips to fire my brain
With thrills of wild sweet pain!—
On life's autumnal blast,
Like shrivelled leaves, youth's passion-flowers are
cast,—
Once loving thee, we love thee to the last!—
Behold thy new-decked shrine,
And hear once more the voice that breathed
"Forever thine!"

It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss-shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot, —
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking still
Find it somewhere you must and will, —
Above or below, or within or without, —
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*,")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun',
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown ·
— "Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain,
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grand-children — where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss-shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED; — it came and found
The Deacon's Masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten; —
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large,
Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the Earthquake-day. —
There are traces of age in the one-hoss-shay,

All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
— First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill, —
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, —
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
— What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once, —
All at once and nothing first, —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss-shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

CONTENTMENT.

"Man wants but little here below."

LITTLE I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A *very plain* brown stone will do,)
That I may call my own;—
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me,
Three courses are as good as ten;—
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victual nice,—
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land,—
Give me a mortgage here and there,—
Some good bank-stock,—some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share;—

I would not have the horse I drive
  So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait — two, forty-five —
    Suits me; I do not care; —
Perhaps for just a *single spurt*,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures I should like to own
  Titians and Raphaels three or four, —
I love so much their style and tone, —
    One Turner, and no more, —
(A landscape, — foreground golden dirt,
The sunshine painted with a squirt)

Of books but few, — some fifty score
  For daily use, and bound for wear;
The rest upon an upper floor, —
    Some *little* luxury *there*
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems, — such things as these,
  Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
    And selfish churls deride; —

PRELUDE.

I'm the fellah that tole one day
The tale of the won'erful one-hoss-shay.
Wan' to hear another? Say.
— Funny, wasn' it? Made *me* laugh, —
I am too modest, I am, by half, —
Made me laugh'*s though I sh'd split*, —
Cahn' a fellah like fellah's own wit?
— Fellahs keep sayin', — "Well, now, that's nice;
Did it once, but cahn' do it twice." —
Dōn' you b'lieve the'z no more fat;
Lots in the kitch'n 'z good 'z that.
Fus'-rate throw, 'n' no mistake, —
Han' us the props for another shake; —
Know I'll try, 'n' guess I'll win,
Here sh' goes for hit 'm ag'in!

PRELUDE.

I'M the fellah that tole one day
The tale of the won'erful one-hoss-shay.
Wan' to hear another? Say.
— Funny, wasn' it? Made *me* laugh, —
I am too modest, I am, by half, —
Made me laugh *'s though I sh'd split,* —
Cahn' a fellah like fellah's own wit?
— Fellahs keep sayin', — "Well, now, that's
    nice;
Did it once, but cahn' do it twice." —
Dōn' you b'lieve the'z no more fat;
Lots in the kitch'n 'z good 'z that.
Fus'-rate throw, 'n' no mistake, —
Han' us the props for another shake; —
Know I'll try, 'n' guess I'll win,
Here sh' goes for hit 'm ag'in!

First great angle above the hoof, —
That's the gambrel; hence gambrel-roof.)
— Nicest place that ever was seen, —
Colleges red and Common green,
Sidewalks brownish with trees between.
Sweetest spot beneath the skies
When the canker-worms don't rise, —
When the dust, that sometimes flies
Into your mouth and ears and eyes,
In a quiet slumber lies,
Not in the shape of unbaked pies
Such as barefoot children prize.

A kind of harbor it seems to be,
Facing the flow of a boundless sea.
Rows of gray old Tutors stand
Ranged like rocks above the sand;
Rolling beneath them, soft and green,
Breaks the tide of bright sixteen, —
One wave, two waves, three waves, four,
Sliding up the sparkling floor;
Then it ebbs to flow no more,
Wandering off from shore to shore
With its freight of golden ore!

"Saide Smith saide Chaire to have and holde;
When he doth graduate, then to passe
To ye oldest Youth in ye Senior Classe.
On Payment of" — (naming a certain sum) —
"By him to whom ye Chaire shall come;
He to ye oldest Senior next,
And soe forever,"—(thus runs the text,) —
"*But one Crown lesse then he gave to claime,*
That being his Debte for use of same."

Smith transferred it to one of the BROWNS,
And took his money, — five silver crowns.
Brown delivered it up to MOORE,
Who paid, it is plain, not five, but four.
Moore made over the chair to LEE,
Who gave him crowns of silver three.
Lee conveyed it unto DREW,
And now the payment, of course, was two.
Drew gave up the chair to DUNN, —
All he got, as you see, was one.
Dunn released the chair to HALL,
And got by the bargain no crown at all.
— And now it passed to a second BROWN,
Who took it and likewise *claimed a crown.*

But dead men's fingers hold awful tight,
And there was the will in black and white,
Plain enough for a child to spell.
What should be done no man could tell,
For the chair was a kind of nightmare curse,
And every season but made it worse.

As a last resort to clear the doubt,
They got old GOVERNOR HANCOCK out.
The Governor came, with his Light-horse
Troop
And his mounted truckmen, all cock-a-hoop;
Halberds glittered and colors flew,
French horns whinnied and trumpets blew,
The yellow fifes whistled between their teeth
And the bumble-bee bass-drums boomed beneath;
So he rode with all his band,
Till the President met him, cap in hand.
—The Governor "hefted" the crowns, and
said,—
"A will is a will, and the Parson's dead."
The Governor hefted the crowns. Said he,—
"There is your p'int. And here's my fee.

Are handed to witnesses then and there,
And then the lawyers hold it clear
That the chair is safe for another year.

God bless you, Gentlemen! Learn to give
Money to colleges while you live.
Don't be silly and think you'll try
To bother the colleges, when you die,
With codicil this, and codicil that,
That Knowledge may starve while Law grows
fat;
For there never was pitcher that wouldn't spill,
And there's always a flaw in a donkey's will!

O hearts that break and give no sign
  Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine
  Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses,—
If singing breath or echoing chord
  To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
  As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

REPRINTED FROM "THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE"

DE SAUTY.

AN ELECTRO-CHEMICAL ECLOGUE.

Professor. *Blue-Nose.*

PROFESSOR.

TELL me, O Provincial! speak, Ceruleo-Nasal!
Lives there one De Sauty extant now among you,
Whispering Boanerges, son of silent thunder,
Holding talk with nations?

Is there a De Sauty ambulant on Tellus,
Bifid-cleft like mortals, dormant in night-cap,
Having sight, smell, hearing, food-receiving feature
Three times daily patent?

Breathes there such a being, O Ceruleo-Nasal?
Or is he a *mythus*,—ancient word for "humbug,"—
Such as Livy told about the wolf that wet-nursed
Romulus and Remus?

When the current strengthened, bloomed the
pale-faced stranger, —
Took no drink nor victual, yet grew fat and rosy, —
And from time to time, in sharp articulation,
Said, "*All right!* DE SAUTY."

From the lonely station passed the utterance, spreading
Through the pines and hemlocks to the groves of steeples,
Till the land was filled with loud reverberations
Of "*All right!* DE SAUTY."

When the current slackened, drooped the mystic stranger, —
Faded, faded, faded, as the stream grew weaker, —
Wasted to a shadow with a hartshorn odor
Of disintegration.

Drops of deliquescence glistened on his forehead,
Whitened round his feet the dust of efflorescence,
Till one Monday morning, when the flow suspended,
There was no De Sauty.

When the current strengthened, bloomed the
pale-faced stranger, —
Took no drink nor victual, yet grew fat and rosy, —
And from time to time, in sharp articulation,
Said, "*All right!* De Sauty."

From the lonely station passed the utterance,
spreading
Through the pines and hemlocks to the groves
of steeples,
Till the land was filled with loud reverberations
Of "*All right!* De Sauty."

When the current slackened, drooped the mystic
stranger, —
Faded, faded, faded, as the stream grew weaker, —
Wasted to a shadow with a hartshorn odor
Of disintegration.

Drops of deliquescence glistened on his forehead,
Whitened round his feet the dust of efflorescence,
Till one Monday morning, when the flow sus-
pended,
There was no De Sauty.

THE BOYS.

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise!
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy, — young jackanapes! — show him the door! —
"Gray temples at twenty?" — Yes! *white*, if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close, — you will see not a sign of a flake,
We want some new garlands for those we have shed, —
And these are white roses in place of the red!

THE BOYS.

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise!
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's
spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are
more?
He's tipsy, — young jackanapes! — show him the
door! —
"Gray temples at twenty?" — Yes! *white*, if we
please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's noth-
ing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close, — you will see not a sign of a flake,
We want some new garlands for those we have
shed, —
And these are white roses in place of the red!

When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," — but now he's
"The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith, —
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith, —
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free, —
— Just read on his medal, — "My country, — of
thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? — you think he's all
fun, —
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has
done,
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest
of all!

Yes, we're boys, — always playing with tongue or
with pen, —
And I sometimes have asked, — Shall we ever be
men?
Shall we always be youthful and laughing and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

THE OPENING OF THE PIANO.

In the little southern parlor of the house you may
have seen
With the gambrel-roof, and the gable looking
westward to the green,
At the side toward the sunset, with the window
on its right,
Stood the London-made piano I am dreaming of
to-night.

Ah me! how I remember the evening when it
came!
What a cry of eager voices, what a group of cheeks
in flame,
When the wondrous box was opened that had
come from over seas,
With its smell of mastic-varnish and its flash of
ivory keys!

Then the children all grew fretful in the restless-
ness of joy,

— Catharine, child of a neighbor, curly and rosy-red,
(Wedded since, and a widow, — something like ten years dead,)
Hearing a gush of music such as none before,
Steals from her mother's chamber and peeps at the open door.

Just as the "Jubilate" in threaded whisper dies,
— "Open it! open it, lady!" the little maiden cries,
(For she thought 'twas a singing creature caged in a box she heard,)
"Open it! open it, lady! and let me see the *bird!*"

— Catharine, child of a neighbor, curly and rosy-
red,
(Wedded since, and a widow, — something like
ten years dead,)
Hearing a gush of music such as none before,
Steals from her mother's chamber and peeps at
the open door.

Just as the "Jubilate" in threaded whisper dies,
— "Open it! open it, lady!" the little maiden
cries,
(For she thought 'twas a singing creature caged
in a box she heard,)
"Open it! open it, lady! and let me see the
bird!"

No rocks across the pathway lie, —
  No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown, —
And yet it winds, we know not why,
  And turns as if for tree or stone.

Perhaps some lover trod the way
  With shaking knees and leaping heart, —
And so it often runs astray
  With sinuous sweep or sudden start.

Or one, perchance, with clouded brain
  From some unholy banquet reeled, —
And since, our devious steps maintain
  His track across the trodden field.

Nay, deem not thus, — no earthborn will
  Could ever trace a faultless line;
Our truest steps are human still, —
  To walk unswerving were divine!

Truants from love, we dream of wrath, —
  Oh, rather let us trust the more!
Through all the wanderings of the path,
  We still can see our Father's door!

To that fair alien, bravely wooed and won.
So fared they on to seek the promised sign
That marked the anointed heir of David's line.

At last, by forms of earthly semblance led,
They found the crowded inn, the oxen's shed.
No pomp was there, no glory shone around
On the coarse straw that strewed the reeking ground;
One dim retreat a flickering torch betrayed,—
In that poor cell the Lord of Life was laid!

The wondering shepherds told their breathless tale
Of the bright choir that woke the sleeping vale;
Told how the skies with sudden glory flamed;
Told how the shining multitude proclaimed
"Joy, joy to earth! Behold the hallowed morn!
In David's city Christ the Lord is born!
'Glory to God!' let angels shout on high,—
'Good-will to men!' the listening Earth reply!"

They spoke with hurried words and accents wild;
Calm in his cradle slept the heavenly child.
No trembling word the mother's joy revealed,—
One sigh of rapture, and her lips were sealed;

To that fair alien, bravely wooed and won.
So fared they on to seek the promised sign
That marked the anointed heir of David's line.

At last, by forms of earthly semblance led,
They found the crowded inn, the oxen's shed.
No pomp was there, no glory shone around
On the coarse straw that strewed the reeking ground;
One dim retreat a flickering torch betrayed,—
In that poor cell the Lord of Life was laid!

The wondering shepherds told their breathless tale
Of the bright choir that woke the sleeping vale;
Told how the skies with sudden glory flamed,
Told how the shining multitude proclaimed
"Joy, joy to earth! Behold the hallowed morn!
In David's city Christ the Lord is born!
'Glory to God!' let angels shout on high,—
'Good-will to men!' the listening Earth reply!"

They spoke with hurried words and accents wild;
Calm in his cradle slept the heavenly child.
No trembling word the mother's joy revealed —
One sigh of rapture, and her lips were sealed,

Then Joseph spake: "Thy boy hath largely
grown,
Weave him fine raiment, fitting to be shown;
Fair robes beseem the pilgrim, as the priest:
Goes he not with us to the holy feast?"

And Mary culled the flaxen fibres white;
Till eve she spun, she spun till morning light;
The thread was twined; its parting meshes through
From hand to hand her restless shuttle flew,
Till the full web was wound upon the beam,—
Love's curious toil,—a vest without a seam!

They reach the holy place, fulfil the days
To solemn feasting given, and grateful praise.
At last they turn, and far Moriah's height
Melts in the southern sky and fades from sight.
All day the dusky caravan has flowed
In devious trails along the winding road,—
(For many a step their homeward path attends,
And all the sons of Abraham are as friends).
Evening has come,—the hour of rest and joy;—
Hush! hush!—that whisper,—"Where is Mary's
boy?"

O weary hour! O aching days that passed
Filled with strange fears, each wilder than the last:

"What is this thoughtless thing which thou hast done?
Lo, we have sought thee sorrowing, O my son!"
Few words he spake, and scarce of filial tone,—
Strange words, their sense a mystery yet unknown
Then turned with them and left the holy hill,
To all their mild commands obedient still.

The tale was told to Nazareth's sober men,
And Nazareth's matrons told it oft again;
The maids retold it at the fountain's side;
The youthful shepherds doubted or denied,
It passed around among the listening friends,
With all that fancy adds and fiction lends,
Till newer marvels dimmed the young renown
Of Joseph's son who talked the Rabbis down.

But Mary, faithful to its lightest word,
Kept in her heart the sayings she had heard,
Till the dread morning rent the Temple's veil,
And shuddering Earth confirmed the wondrous tale.

Youth fades; love droops, the leaves of friendship fall;
A mother's secret hope outlives them all.

"Yet think not unto them was lent
  All light for all the coming days,
And Heaven's eternal wisdom spent
  In making straight the ancient ways.

"The living fountain overflows
  For every flock, for every lamb,
Nor heeds, though angry creeds oppose
  With Luther's dike or Calvin's dam."

He spake; with lingering, long embrace,
  With tears of love and partings fond,
They floated down the creeping Maas,
  Along the isle of Ysselmond.

They passed the frowning towers of Briel,
  The "Hook of Holland's" shelf of sand,
And grated soon with lifting keel
  The sullen shores of Fatherland.

No home for these! — too well they knew
  The mitred king behind the throne, —
The sails were set, the pennons flew,
  And westward ho! for worlds unknown.

SAINT ANTHONY THE REFORMER.

HIS TEMPTATION.

No fear lest praise should make us proud!
  We know how cheaply that is won;
The idle homage of the crowd
  Is proof of tasks as idly done.

A surface-smile may pay the toil
  That follows still the conquering Right,
With soft, white hands to dress the spoil
  That sunbrowned valor clutched in fight.

Sing the sweet song of other days,
  Serenely placid, safely true,
And o'er the present's parching ways
  Thy verse distils like evening dew.

But speak in words of living power, —
  They fall like drops of scalding rain
That plashed before the burning shower
  Swept o'er the cities of the plain!

SAINT ANTHONY THE REFORMER.

HIS TEMPTATION.

No fear lest praise should make us proud!
  We know how cheaply that is won;
The idle homage of the crowd
  Is proof of tasks as idly done.

A surface-smile may pay the toil
  That follows still the conquering Right,
With soft, white hands to dress the spoil
  That sunbrowned valor clutched in fight.

Sing the sweet song of other days,
  Serenely placid, safely true,
And o'er the present's parching ways
  Thy verse distils like evening dew.

But speak in words of living power, —
  They fall like drops of scalding rain
That plashed before the burning shower
  Swept o'er the cities of the plain!

MIDSUMMER.

HERE! sweep these foolish leaves away, —
I will not crush my brains to-day! —
Look! are the southern curtains drawn?
Fetch me a fan, and so begone!

Not that, — the palm-tree's rustling leaf
Brought from a parching coral-reef!
Its breath is heated; — I would swing
The broad gray plumes, — the eagle's wing.

I hate these roses' feverish blood! —
Pluck me a half-blown lily-bud,
A long-stemmed lily from the lake,
Cold as a coiling water-snake.

Rain me sweet odors on the air,
And wheel me up my Indian chair,
And spread some book not overwise
Flat out before my sleepy eyes.

IRIS, HER BOOK.

I PRAY thee by the soul of her that bore thee,
By thine own sister's spirit I implore thee,
Deal gently with the leaves that lie before thee!

For Iris had no mother to infold her,
Nor ever leaned upon a sister's shoulder,
Telling the twilight thoughts that Nature told
her.

She had not learned the mystery of awaking
Those chorded keys that soothe a sorrow's aching,
Giving the dumb heart voice, that else were
breaking.

Yet lived, wrought, suffered. Lo, the pictured
token!
Why should her fleeting day-dreams fade unspoken,
Like daffodils that die with sheaths unbroken?

UNDER THE VIOLETS.

Her hands are cold; her face is white;
  No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light;—
  Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,
  And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
  To plead for tears with alien eyes;
A slender cross of wood alone
  Shall say, that here a maiden lies
  In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
  Shall wheel their circling shadows round
To make the scorching sunlight dim
  That drinks the greenness from the ground,
  And drop their dead leaves on her mound.

If any, born of kindlier blood,
  Should ask, What maiden lies below?
Say only this: A tender bud,
  That tried to blossom in the snow,
  Lies withered where the violets blow.

A SUN-DAY HYMN.

Lord of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day,
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

SONGS IN MANY KEYS.

TO

THE MOST INDULGENT OF READERS,

THE KINDEST OF CRITICS,

MY BELOVED MOTHER,

ALL THAT IS LEAST UNWORTHY OF HER

IN THIS VOLUME

Is Dedicated

BY HER AFFECTIONATE SON

This lowlier portal may be tried,
  That breaks the gable wall;
And lo! with arches opening wide,
  Sir Harry Frankland's hall!

'Twas in the second George's day
  They sought the forest shade,
The knotted trunks they cleared away,
  The massive beams they laid,

They piled the rock-hewn chimney tall,
  They smoothed the terraced ground,
They reared the marble-pillared wall
  That fenced the mansion round.

Far stretched beyond the village bound
  The Master's broad domain,
With page and valet, horse and hound,
  He kept a goodly train.

And, all the midland county through,
  The ploughman stopped to gaze
Whene'er his chariot swept in view
  Behind the shining bays,

Perchance he wooed as gallants use,
  Whom fleeting loves enchain,
But still unfettered, free to choose,
  Would brook no bridle-rein.

He saw the fairest of the fair,
  But smiled alike on all,
No band his roving foot might snare,
  No ring his hand enthrall.

Part Second.

THE MAIDEN.

Why seeks the Knight that rocky cape
  Beyond the Bay of Lynn?
What chance his wayward course may shape
  To reach its village inn?

No story tells; whate'er we guess,
  The past lies deaf and still,
But Fate, who rules to blight or bless,
  Can lead us where she will.

That shut between their outstretched arms
  The crews of Marblehead,
The lords of ocean's watery farms,
  Who plough the waves for bread.

At last the ancient inn appears,
  The spreading elm below,
Whose flapping sign these fifty years
  Has seesawed to and fro.

How fair the azure fields in sight
  Before the low-browed inn!
The tumbling billows fringe with light
  The crescent shore of Lynn;

Nahant thrusts outward through the waves
  Her arm of yellow sand,
And breaks the roaring surge that brave
  The gauntlet on her hand;

With eddying whirl the waters lock
  Yon treeless mound forlorn,
The sharp-winged sea-fowl's breeding-rock
  That fronts the Spouting Horn,

"Not so," the matron whispered, — "sure
  No orphan girl is she, —
The Surraige folk are deadly poor
  Since Edward left the sea,

'And Mary, with her growing brood,
  Has work enough to do
To find the children clothes and food
  With Thomas, John, and Hugh

"This girl of Mary's, growing tall, —
  (Just turned her sixteenth year,) —
To earn her bread and help them all,
  Would work as housemaid here."

So Agnes, with her golden beads,
  And naught beside as dower,
Grew at the wayside with the weeds,
  Herself a garden flower.

'T was strange, 't was sad, — so fresh, so fair!
  Thus Pity's voice began.
Such grace! an angel's shape and air!
  The half-heard whisper ran.

"Thank God 't is day!" With eager eye
He hails the morning's shine:—
"If art can win, or gold can buy,
The maiden shall be mine!"

PART THIRD.

THE CONQUEST

"Who saw this hussy when she came?
What is the wench, and who?"
They whisper. "*Agnes*,—is her name?
Pray what has she to do?"

The housemaids parley at the gate,
The scullions on the stair,
And in the footmen's grave debate
The butler deigns to share.

Black Dinah, stolen when a child,
And sold on Boston pier,
Grown up in service, petted, spoiled,
Speaks in the coachman's ear:

Alas! it were the saddening tale
  That every language knows, —
The wooing wind, the yielding sail,
  The sunbeam and the rose.

And now the gown of sober stuff
  Has changed to fair brocade,
With broidered hem, and hanging cuff,
  And flower of silken braid,

And clasped around her blanching wrist
  A jewelled bracelet shines,
Her flowing tresses' massive twist
  A glittering net confines;

And mingling with their truant wave
  A fretted chain is hung,
But ah! the gift her mother gave,—
  Its beads are all unstrung!

Her place is at the master's board,
  Where none disputes her claim,
She walks beside the mansion's lord,
  His bride in all but name.

PART FOURTH.

THE RESCUE.

A ship comes foaming up the bay,
Along the pier she glides;
Before her furrow melts away,
A courier mounts and rides.

"Haste, Haste, post Haste!" the letters bear;
"Sir Harry Frankland, These."
Sad news to tell the loving pair!
The Knight must cross the seas.

"Alas! we part!" — the lips that spoke
Lost all their rosy red,
As when a crystal cup is broke,
And all its wine is shed.

"Nay, droop not thus, — where'er," he cried,
"I go by land or sea,
My love, my life, my joy, my pride,
Thy place is still by me!"

Ah! Lisbon dreams not of the day—
  Pleased with her painted scenes—
When all her towers shall slide away
  As now these canvas screens!

The spring has passed, the summer fled,
  And yet they linger still,
Though autumn's rustling leaves have spread
  The flank of Cintra's hill.

The town has learned their Saxon name,
  And touched their English gold,
Nor tale of doubt nor hint of blame
  From over sea is told.

Three hours the first November dawn
  Has climbed with feeble ray
Through mists like heavy curtains drawn
  Before the darkened day.

How still the muffled echoes sleep!
  Hark! hark! a hollow sound,—
A noise like chariots rumbling deep
  Beneath the solid ground.

And all is over. Street and square
  In ruined heaps are piled;
Ah! where is she, so frail, so fair,
  Amid the tumult wild?

Unscathed, she treads the wreck-piled street,
  Whose narrow gaps afford
A pathway for her bleeding feet,
  To seek her absent lord.

A temple's broken walls arrest
  Her wild and wandering eyes;
Beneath its shattered portal pressed,
  Her lord unconscious lies.

The power that living hearts obey
  Shall lifeless blocks withstand?
Love led her footsteps where he [illegible] —
  Love nerves her woman's [illegible]

One cry, — the marble [illegible], —
  Up heaves the pond[illegible] —
He breathes, — her [illegible] clasps, —
  Her life has bo[illegible]

Before the holy altar bent,
  There kneels a goodly pair;
A stately man, of high descent,
  A woman, passing fair.

No jewels lend the blinding sheen
  That meaner beauty needs,
But on her bosom heaves unseen
  A string of golden beads.

The vow is spoke, — the prayer is said, —
  And with a gentle pride
The Lady Agnes lifts her head,
  Sir Harry Frankland's bride.

No more her faithful heart shall bear
  Those griefs so meekly borne, —
The passing sneer, the freezing stare,
  The icy look of scorn;

No more the blue-eyed English dames
  Their haughty lips shall curl,
Whene'er a hissing whisper names
  The poor New-England girl.

How fond her heart, he told, — how true;
  The haughty eyelids fell; —
The kindly deeds she loved to do;
  She murmured, "It is well."

But when he told that fearful day,
  And how her feet were led
To where entombed in life he lay,
  The breathing with the dead,

And how she bruised her tender breasts
  Against the crushing stone,
That still the strong-armed clown protests
  No man can lift alone, —

O then the frozen spring was broke
  By turns she wept and smiled —
"Sweet Agnes!" so the mother [illegible]
  "God bless my angel child

"She saved thee from the [illegible] —
  'T is thine to right her [illegible]
I tell thee, — I, who [illegible] —
  To her thy life [illegible]

Fate parts at length the fondest pair;
  His cheek, alas! grows pale;
The breast that trampling death could spare
  His noiseless shafts assail.

He longs to change the heaven of blue
  For England's clouded sky, —
To breathe the air his boyhood knew;
  He seeks them but to die.

— Hard by the terraced hill-side town,
  Where healing streamlets run,
Still sparkling, with their old renown, —
  The "Waters of the Sun," —

The Lady Agnes raised the stone
  That marks his honored grave,
And there Sir Harry sleeps alone
  By Wiltshire Avon's wave.

The home of early love was dear;
  She sought its peaceful shade,
And kept her state for many a year.
  With none to make afraid

Behold the chosen room he sought
  Alone, to fast and pray,
Each year, as chill November brought
  The dismal earthquake day.

There hung the rapier blade he wore,
  Bent in its flattened sheath;
The coat the shrieking woman tore
  Caught in her clenching teeth;—

The coat with tarnished silver lace
  She snapped at as she slid,
And down upon her death-white face
  Crashed the huge coffin's lid.

A graded terrace yet remains,
  If on its turf you stand
And look along the wooded plains
  That stretch on either hand,

The broken forest walls define
  A dim, receding view,
Where, on the far horizon's line
  He cut his vista through.

PICTURES FROM OCCASIONAL POEMS.

1850-1856.

SPRING.

Winter is past, the heart of Nature warms
Beneath the wrecks of unresisted storms,
Doubtful at first, suspected more than seen,
The southern slopes are fringed with tender
green,
On sheltered banks, beneath the dripping eaves,
Spring's earliest nurslings spread their glowing
leaves,
Bright with the hues from wider pictures won,
White, azure, golden, — drift, or sky, or sun, —
The snowdrop, bearing on her patient breast
The frozen trophy torn from Winter's crest,
The violet, gazing on the arch of blue
Till her own iris wears its deepened hue,
The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the
mould

O'er the soft meadows starred with opening
buds,
In tears and blushes sighs herself away,
And hides her cheek beneath the flowers of
May.

Then the proud tulip lights her beacon blaze,
Her clustering curls the hyacinth displays,
O'er her tall blades the crested fleur-de-lis,
Like blue-eyed Pallas, towers erect and free;
With yellower flames the lengthened sunshine
glows,
And love lays bare the passion-breathing rose,
Queen of the lake, along its reedy verge
The rival lily hastens to emerge,
Her snowy shoulders glistening as she strips,
Till morn is sultan of her parted lips

Then bursts the song from every leafy glade,
The yielding season's bridal serenade,
Then flash the wings returning Summer calls
Through the deep arches of her forest halls,—
The bluebird, breathing from his azure plumes

THE STUDY

r in the darksome crypt I left so late,
hose only altar is its rusted grate, —
pulchral, rayless, joyless as it seems,
hamed by the glare of May's refulgent
beams, —
While the dim seasons dragged their shrouded
train,
Its paler splendors were not quite in vain
From these dull bars the cheerful firelight's
glow
Streamed through the casement o'er the spec-
tral snow,
Here, while the night-wind wreaked its frantic
will
On the loose ocean and the rock-bound hill,
Rent the cracked topsail from its quivering
yard,
And rived the oak a thousand storms had
scarred,

Ready to answer, never known to ask,
Claiming no service, prompt for every task.

On those dark shelves no housewife hand profanes,
O'er his mute files the monarch folio reigns,
A mingled race, the wreck of chance and time,
That talk all tongues and breathe of every clime,
Each knows his place, and each may claim his part
In some quaint corner of his master's heart.
This old Decretal, won from Kloss's hoards,
Thick-leaved, brass-cornered, ribbed with oaken boards,
Stands the gray patriarch of the graver rows,
Its fourth ripe century narrowing to its close,
Not daily conned, but glorious still to view,
With glistening letters wrought in red and blue.
There towers Stagira's all-embracing sage,
The Aldine anchor on his opening page;
There sleep the births of Plato's heavenly mind,
In yon dark tomb by jealous clasps confined,
"Olim e libris" — (dare I call it mine?)
Of Yale's grave Head and Killingworth's divine!

Whitening the heads of these mine ancient
friends,
While the damp offspring of the modern press
Flaunts on my table with its pictured dress;
Not less I love each dull familiar face,
Nor less should miss it from the appointed place;
I snatch the book, along whose burning leaves
His scarlet web our wild romancer weaves,
Yet, while proud Hester's fiery pangs I share,
My old MAGNALIA must be standing *there!*

Ocean's rough child, whom many a shore has known
Ere homeward breezes swept him to his own,
Starts at the echo as it circles round,
A thousand memories kindling with the sound;
The early favorite's unforgotten charms,
Whose blue initials stain his tawny arms;
His first farewell, the flapping canvas spread,
The seaward streamers crackling o'er his head,
His kind, pale mother, not ashamed to weep
Her first-born's bridal with the haggard deep,
While the brave father stood with tearless eye,
Smiling and choking with his last good-by.

'T is but a wave, whose spreading circle beats,
With the same impulse, every nerve it meets,
Yet who shall count the varied shapes that ride
On the round surge of that aerial tide!

O child of earth! If floating sounds like these
Steal from thyself their power to wound or please,
If here or there thy changing will inclines,
As the bright zodiac shifts its rolling signs,

Ocean's rough child, whom many a shore has
known
Ere homeward breezes swept him to his own,
Starts at the echo as it circles round,
A thousand memories kindling with the sound;
The early favorite's unforgotten charms,
Whose blue initials stain his tawny arms,
His first farewell, the flapping canvas spread,
The seaward streamers crackling o'er his head,
His kind, pale mother, not ashamed to weep
Her first-born's bridal with the haggard deep,
While the brave father stood with tearless eye,
Smiling and choking with his last good-by

'T is but a wave, whose spreading circle beats,
With the same impulse, every nerve it meets,
Yet who shall count the varied shapes that ride
On the round surge of that aerial tide!

O child of earth! If floating sounds like these
Steal from thyself their power to wound or
please,
If here or there thy changing will inclines,
As the bright zodiac shifts its rolling signs,

NON-RESISTANCE.

PERHAPS too far in these considerate days
Has patience carried her submissive ways;
Wisdom has taught us to be calm and meek,
To take one blow, and turn the other cheek,
It is not written what a man shall do,
If the rude caitiff strike the other too!

Land of our fathers, in thine hour of need
God help thee, guarded by the passive creed!
As the lone pilgrim trusts to beads and cowl,
When through the forest rings the gray wolf's
howl;
As the deep galleon trusts her gilded prow
When the black corsair slants athwart her bow,
As the poor pheasant, with his peaceful mien,
Trusts to his feathers, shining golden-green,
When the dark plumage with the crimson beak
Has rustled shadowy from its splintered peak,

THE MORAL BULLY.

Yon whey-faced brother, who delights to wear
A weedy flux of ill-conditioned hair,
Seems of the sort that in a crowded place
One elbows freely into smallest space,
A timid creature, lax of knee and hip,
Whom small disturbance whitens round the lip;
One of those harmless spectacled machines,
The Holy-Week of Protestants convenes,
Whom schoolboys question if their walk transcends
The last advices of maternal friends,
Whom John, obedient to his master's sign,
Conducts, laborious, up to *ninety-nine*,
While Peter, glistening with luxurious scorn,
Husks his white ivories like an ear of corn;
Dark in the brow and bilious in the cheek,
Whose yellowish linen flowers but once a week,
Conspicuous, annual, in their threadbare suits,
And the laced high-lows which they call their
boots.

Feels the same comfort while his acrid words
Turn the sweet milk of kindness into curds,
Or with grim logic prove, beyond debate,
That all we love is worthiest of our hate,
As the scarred ruffian of the pirate's deck,
When his long swivel rakes the staggering wreck!

Heaven keep us all! Is every rascal clown
Whose arm is stronger free to knock us down?
Has every scarecrow, whose cachectic soul
Seems fresh from Bedlam, airing on parole,
Who, though he carries but a doubtful trace
Of angel visits on his hungry face,
From lack of marrow or the coins to pay,
Has dodged some vices in a shabby way,
The right to stick us with his cut-throat terms,
And bait his homilies with his brother worms?

The woodcock, stiffening to fictitious mud,
Cheats the young sportsman thirsting for his blood.
So by long living on a single lie,
Nay, on one truth, will creatures get its dye;
Red, yellow, green, they take their subject's hue, —
Except when squabbling turns them black and
blue!

Then lithe young Romeo — hark that silvered
tone,
From those smooth lips — alas! they were his own.
Then the bronzed Moor, with all his love and woe,
Told his strange tale of midnight melting snow;
And dark-plumed Hamlet, with his cloak and
blade,
Looked on the royal ghost, himself a shade.
All in one flash, his youthful memories came,
Traced in bright hues of evanescent flame,
As the spent swimmer's in the lifelong dream,
While the last bubble rises through the stream.

Call him not old, whose visionary brain
Holds o'er the past its undivided reign.
For him in vain the envious seasons roll
Who bears eternal summer in his soul.
If yet the minstrel's song, the poet's lay,
Spring with her birds, or children at their play,
Or maiden's smile, or heavenly dream of art,
Stir the few life-drops creeping round his heart,
Turn to the record where his years are told, —
Count his gray hairs, — they cannot make him
old!

Pangs of wild joy that perish on the tongue,
And all that poets dream, but leave unsung!

In every heart some viewless founts are fed
From far-off hill-sides where the dews were
shed;
On the worn features of the weariest face
Some youthful memory leaves its hidden trace,
As in old gardens left by exiled kings
The marble basins tell of hidden springs,
But, gray with dust, and overgrown with weeds,
Their choking jets the passer little heeds,
Till time's revenges break their seals away,
And, clad in rainbow light, the waters play.

Good night, fond dreamer! let the curtain fall:
The world's a stage, and we are players all.
A strange rehearsal! Kings without their crowns,
And threadbare lords, and jewel-wearing clowns,
Speak the vain words that mock their throbbing
hearts,
As Want, stern prompter! spells them out their
parts.
The tinselled hero whom we praise and pay
Is twice an actor in a twofold play.

THE ISLAND RUIN.

Ye that have faced the billows and the spray
Of good St. Botolph's island-studded bay,
As from the gliding bark your eye has scanned
The beaconed rocks, the wave-girt hills of sand,
Have ye not marked one elm-o'ershadowed isle,
Round as the dimple chased in beauty's smile, —
A stain of verdure on an azure field,
Set like a jewel in a battered shield?
Fixed in the narrow gorge of Ocean's path,
Peaceful it meets him in his hour of wrath,
When the mailed Titan, scourged by hissing gales,
Writhes in his glistening coat of clashing scales;
The storm-beat island spreads its tranquil green,
Calm as an emerald on an angry queen.

So fair when distant should be fairer near,
A boat shall waft us from the outstretched pier.
The breeze blows fresh, we reach the island's edge,
Our shallop rustling through the yielding sedge.

No welcome greets us on the desert isle;
Those elms, far-shadowing, hide no stately pile:

And whose the home that strews in black decay
The one green-glowing island of the bay?
Some dark-browed pirate's, jealous of the fate
That seized the strangled wretch of "Nix's Mate"?
Some forger's, skulking in a borrowed name,
Whom Tyburn's dangling halter yet may claim?
Some wan-eyed exile's, wealth and sorrow's heir,
Who sought a lone retreat for tears and prayer?
Some brooding poet's, sure of deathless fame,
Had not his epic perished in the flame?
Or some gray wooer's, whom a girlish frown
Chased from his solid friends and sober town?
Or some plain tradesman's, fond of shade and
ease,
Who sought them both beneath these quiet trees?
Why question mutes no question can unlock,
Dumb as the legend on the Dighton rock?
One thing at least these ruined heaps declare, —
They were a shelter once, a man lived there

But where the charred and crumbling records
fail,
Some breathing lips may piece the half-told tale;
No man may live with neighbors such as these,
Though girt with walls of rock and angry seas,

His mouth sharp-moulded; in its mirth or scorn
There came a flash as from the milky corn,
When from the ear you rip the rustling sheath,
And the white ridges show their even teeth
His stature moderate, but his strength confessed,
In spite of broadcloth, by his ample breast,
Full-armed, thick-handed; one that had been
strong,
And might be dangerous still, if things went wrong
He lived at ease beneath his elm-trees' shade,
Did naught for gain, yet all his debts were paid,
Rich, so 't was thought, but careful of his store;
Had all he needed, claimed to have no more

But some that lingered round the isle at night
Spoke of strange stealthy doings in their sight;
Of creeping lonely visits that he made
To nooks and corners, with a torch and spade.
Some said they saw the hollow of a cave;
One, given to fables, swore it was a grave,
Whereat some shuddered, others boldly cried,
Those prowling boatmen lied, and knew they lied.

They said his house was framed with curious
cares,
Lest some old friend might enter unawares,

And how his finger wore a rubied ring
Fit for the white-necked play-girl of a king.
But these fine legends, told with staring eyes,
Met with small credence from the old and wise.

Why tell each idle guess, each whisper vain?
Enough: the scorched and cindered beams remain.
He came, a silent pilgrim to the West,
Some old-world mystery throbbing in his breast,
Close to the thronging mart he dwelt alone,
He lived, he died. The rest is all unknown.

Stranger, whose eyes the shadowy isle survey,
As the black steamer dashes through the bay,
Why ask his buried secret to divine?
He was thy brother; speak, and tell us thine!

To ride the stormy tempest of debate
That whirls the wavering fortunes of the state.
Third in the list, the happy lover's prize
Is won by honeyed words from women's eyes.
If some would have it first instead of third,
So let it be, — I answer not a word
The fourth, — sweet readers, let the thoughtless half
Have its small shrug and inoffensive laugh;
Let the grave quarter wear its virtuous frown,
The stern half-quarter try to scowl us down;
But the last eighth, the choice and sifted few,
Will hear my words, and, pleased, confess them true.

Among the great whom Heaven has made to shine,
How few have learned the art of arts, — to dine!
Nature, indulgent to our daily need,
Kind-hearted mother! taught us all to feed,
But the chief art, — how rarely Nature flings
This choicest gift among her social kings!
Say, man of truth, has life a brighter hour
Than waits the chosen guest who knows his power?

Poets are prosy in their common talk,
As the fast trotters, for the most part, walk.
— And there 's our well-dressed gentleman, who
sits,
By right divine, no doubt, among the wits,
Who airs his tailor's patterns when he walks,
The man that often speaks, but never talks
Why should he talk, whose presence lends a
grace
To every table where he shows his face?
He knows the manual of the silver fork,
Can name his claret — if he sees the cork, —
Remark that "White-top" was considered fine,
But swear the "Juno" is the better wine; —
Is not this talking? Ask Quintilian's rules;
If they say No, the town has many fools
— Pause for a moment, — for our eyes behold
The plain unsceptred king, the man of gold,
The thrice illustrious threefold millionnaire;
Mark his slow-creeping, dead, metallic stare;
His eyes, dull glimmering, like the balance-pan
That weighs its guinea as he weighs his man.
— Who 's next? An artist, in a satin tie
Whose ample folds defeat the curious eye.

With the dry sticks all bonfires are begun;
Bring the first fagot, proser number one!
A question drops among the listening crew
And hits the traveller, pat on Timbuctoo.
We're on the Niger, somewhere near its source,—
Not the least hurry, take the river's course
Through Kissi, Foota, Kankan, Bammakoo,
Bambarra, Sego, so to Timbuctoo,
Thence down to Youri,—stop him if we can,
We can't fare worse,—wake up the Congress-man!
The Congress-man, once on his talking legs,
Stirs up his knowledge to its thickest dregs.
Tremendous draught for dining men to quaff!
Nothing will choke him but a purpling laugh.
A word,—a shout,—a mighty roar,—'t is done,
Extinguished; lassoed by a treacherous pun.

A laugh is priming to the loaded soul;
The scattering shots become a steady roll,
Broke by sharp cracks that run along the line,
The light artillery of the talker's wine
The kindling goblets flame with golden dews,
The hoarded flasks their tawny fire diffuse,
And the Rhine's breast-milk gushes cold and bright,
Pale as the moon and maddening as her light;

Then, sliding gayly from his own display,
He laughs the learned dulness all away.
So, with the merry tale and jovial song,
The jocund evening whirls itself along,
Till the last chorus shrieks its loud *encore*,
And the white neckcloths vanish through the door.

One savage word! — The menials know its tone,
And slink away; the master stands alone.
"Well played, by — "; breathe not what were best unheard;
His goblet shivers while he speaks the word, —
"If wine tells truth, — and so have said the wise, —
It makes me laugh to think how brandy lies!
Bankrupt to-morrow, — millionnaire to-day, —
The farce is over, — now begins the play!"
The spring he touches lets a panel glide;
An iron closet lurks beneath the slide,
Bright with such treasures as a search might bring
From the deep pockets of a truant king.
Two diamonds, eyeballs of a God of bronze,
Bought from his faithful priest, a pious Bonze,

The moral market had the usual chills
Of Virtue suffering from protested bills·
The White Cravats, to friendship's memory true,
Sighed for the past, surveyed the future too,
Their sorrow breathed in one expressive line, —
"Gave pleasant dinners; who has got his wine?"

The moral market had the usual chills
Of Virtue suffering from protested bills
The White Cravats, to friendship's memory true,
Sighed for the past, surveyed the future too,
Their sorrow breathed in one expressive line, —
"Gave pleasant dinners, who has got his wine?"

Were there no damsels willing to attend
And do such service for a suffering friend?
  The message passed among the waiting crowd,
First in a whisper, then proclaimed aloud.
Some wore no jewels; some were disinclined,
For reasons better guessed at than defined,
Though all were saints, — at least professed to
    be, —
The list all counted, there were named but three.
  The leech, still seated by the patient's side,
Held his thin wrist, and watched him, eagle-
    eyed.
  Aurelia first, a fair-haired Tuscan girl,
Slipped off her golden asp, with eyes of pearl.
His solemn head the grave physician shook;
The waxen features thanked her with a look.
  Olympia next, a creature half divine,
Sprung from the blood of old Evander's line,
Held her white arm, that wore a twisted chain
Clasped with an opal sheeny cymophane.
In vain, O daughter! said the baffled Greek.
The patient sighed the thanks he could not speak.
  Last, Hermia entered, look, that sudden start!
The pallium heaves above his leaping heart;

THE DISAPPOINTED STATESMAN.

Who of all statesmen is his country's pride,
Her councils' prompter and her leaders' guide?
He speaks; the nation holds its breath to hear,
He nods, and shakes the sunset hemisphere.
Born where the primal fount of Nature springs
By the rude cradles of her throneless kings,
In his proud eye her royal signet flames,
By his own lips her Monarch she proclaims.
Why name his countless triumphs, whom to meet
Is to be famous, envied in defeat?
The keen debaters, trained to brawls and strife,
Who fire one shot, and finish with the knife,
Tried him but once, and, cowering in their shame,
Ground their hacked blades to strike at meaner game.
The lordly chief, his party's central stay,
Whose lightest word a hundred votes obey,
Found a new listener seated at his side,
Looked in his eye, and felt himself defied,

Ask him his griefs; what midnight demons plough
The lines of torture on his lofty brow;
Unlock those marble lips and bid them speak
The mystery freezing in his bloodless cheek.

His secret? Hid beneath a flimsy word;
One foolish whisper that ambition heard;
And thus it spake "Behold yon gilded chair,
The world's one vacant throne, — thy place is there!"

Ah, fatal dream! What warning spectres meet
In ghastly circle round its shadowy seat!
Yet still the Tempter murmurs in his ear
The maddening taunt he cannot choose but hear
"Meanest of slaves, by Gods and men accurst,
He who is second when he might be first!
Climb with bold front the ladder's topmost round,
Or chain thy creeping footsteps to the ground!"

Illustrious Dupe! Have those majestic eyes
Lost their proud fire for such a vulgar prize?
Art thou the last of all mankind to know
That party-fights are won by aiming low?

THE SECRET OF THE STARS.

Is man's the only throbbing heart that hides
The silent spring that feeds its whispering tides?
Speak from thy caverns, mystery-breeding Earth,
Tell the half-hinted story of thy birth,
And calm the noisy champions who have thrown
The book of types against the book of stone!

Have ye not secrets, ye refulgent spheres,
No sleepless listener of the starlight hears?
In vain the sweeping equatorial pries
Through every world-sown corner of the skies,
To the far orb that so remotely strays
Our midnight darkness is its noonday blaze;
In vain the climbing soul of creeping man
Metes out the heavenly concave with a span,
Tracks into space the long-lost meteor's trail,
And weighs an unseen planet in the scale,
Still o'er their doubts the wan-eyed watchers sigh,
And Science lifts her still unanswered cry

When, through the wall that clasps the harbor
round,
And shuts the raving ocean from its bound,
Shattered and rent by sacrilegious hands,
The first mad billow leaps upon the sands, —
Then to the Future's awful page we turn,
And what we question hardly dare to learn.

Still let us hope! for while we seem to tread
The time-worn pathway of the nations dead,
Though Sparta laughs at all our warlike deeds,
And buried Athens claims our stolen creeds,
Though Rome, a spectre on her broken throne,
Beholds our eagle and recalls her own,
Though England fling her pennons on the breeze
And reign before us Mistress of the seas, —
While calm-eyed History tracks us circling round
Fate's iron pillar where they all were bound,
She sees new beacons crowned with brighter
flame
Than the old watch-fires, like, but not the same!
Still in our path a larger curve she finds,
The spiral widening as the chain unwinds!
No shameless haste shall spot with bandit-crime
Our destined empire snatched before its time.

The storm grows black, the waters rise,
The mountains mingle with the skies,
The mad tornado scoops the ground,
The midnight robber prowls around,—
Thus, kissing every limb they tie,
They draw a knot and heave a sigh,
Till, fairly netted in the toil,
My feet are rooted to the soil.
Only the soaring wish is free!—
And that, dear Governor, flies to thee!

PITTSFIELD, 1851

Till, clustering all their braids in one,
They flow a single stream.

A bracelet spun from mountain mist,
A silvery sash unwound,
With ox-bow curve and sinuous twist
It writhes to reach the Sound.

This is my bark, — a pigmy's ship
Beneath a child it rolls.
Fear not, — one body makes i
But not a thousand souls

Look on the forests' ancient kings,
The hemlock's towering pride:
Yon trunk had thrice a hundred rings
And fell before it died.

Nor think that Nature saves her bloom
And slights our grassy plain;
For us she wears her court costume, —
Look on its broidered train,

The lily with the sprinkled dots,
Brands of the noontide beam,
The cardinal, and the blood red spots,
Its double in the stream,

As if some wounded eagle's breast,
Slow throbbing o'er the plain,
Had left its airy path impressed
In drops of scarlet rain.

And hark! and hark! the woodland rings,
There thrilled the thrush's soul,
And look! that flash of flamy wings, —
The fire-plumed oriole[1]

Be patient! On the breathing page
  Still paints our hurried past;
Pilgrim and soldier, saint and sage, —
  The poet comes the last!

Though still the lark-voiced matins ring
  The world has known so long;
The wood-thrush of the West shall sing
  Earth's last sweet even-song!

Stay, pitying Time, thy foot for him
Who gave thee swifter wings,
Nor let thine envious shadow dim
The light his glory flings.

If in his cheek unholy blood
Burned for one youthful hour,
'T was but the flushing of the bud
That blooms a milk-white flower.

Take him, kind mother, to thy breast,
Who loved thy smiles so well,
And spread thy mantle o'er his rest
Of rose and asphodel.

—The bark has sailed the midnight sea,
The sea without a shore,
That waved its parting sign to thee,—
"A health to thee, Tom Moore!"

And thine, long lingering on the strand,
Its bright-hued streamers furled,
Was loosed by age, with trembling hand,
To seek the silent world.

AFTER A LECTURE ON KEATS.

"Purpureos spargam flores."

THE wreath that star-crowned Shelley gave
Is lying on thy Roman grave,
Yet on its turf young April sets
Her store of slender violets;
Though all the Gods their garlands shower,
I too may bring one purple flower.
— Alas! what blossom shall I bring,
That opens in my Northern spring?
The garden beds have all run wild,
So trim when I was yet a child;
Flat plantains and unseemly stalks
Have crept across the gravel walks;
The vines are dead, long, long ago,
The almond buds no longer blow.
No more upon its mound I see
The azure, plume-bound fleur-de-lis;
Where once the tulips used to show,
In straggling tufts the pansies grow;
The grass has quenched my white-rayed gem,
The flowering "Star of Bethlehem,"

AFTER A LECTURE ON SHELLEY.

One broad, white sail in Spezzia's treacherous bay;
  On comes the blast; too daring bark, beware!
The cloud has clasped her; lo! it melts away;
  The wide, waste waters, but no sail is there.

Morning: a woman looking on the sea,
  Midnight: with lamps the long verandah burns,
Come, wandering sail, they watch, they burn for
    thee!
  Suns come and go, alas! no bark returns.

And feet are thronging on the pebbly sands,
  And torches flaring in the weedy caves,
Where'er the waters lay with icy hands
  The shapes uplifted from their coral graves.

Vainly they seek, the idle quest is o'er;
  The coarse, dark women, with their hanging
    locks,
And lean, wild children gather from the shore
  To the black hovels bedded in the rocks

AT THE CLOSE OF A COURSE OF LECTURES.

As the voice of the watch to the mariner's dream;
As the footstep of Spring on the ice-girdled stream,
There comes a soft footstep, a whisper, to me, —
The vision is over, — the rivulet free!

We have trod from the threshold of turbulent March,
Till the green scarf of April is hung on the larch,
And down the bright hill-side that welcomes the day,
We hear the warm panting of beautiful May.

We will part before Summer has opened her wing,
And the bosom of June swells the bodice of Spring,
While the hope of the season lies fresh in the bud,
And the young life of Nature runs warm in our blood.

It is but a word, and the chain is unbound,
The bracelet of steel drops unclasped to the ground;

You may pass through the doorway in rank or in file,
If your ticket from Nature is stamped with a smile.

For the sweetest of smiles is the smile as we part,
When the light round the lips is a ray from the
heart;
And lest a stray tear from its fountain might swell,
We will seal the bright spring with a quiet farewell.

I saw the green banks of the castle-crowned
Rhine,
Where the grapes drink the moonlight and change
it to wine;
I stood by the Avon, whose waves as they glide
Still whisper his glory who sleeps at their side.

But my heart would still yearn for the sound of
the waves
That sing as they flow by my forefathers' graves;
If manhood yet honors my cheek with a tear,
I care not who sees it, — no blush for it here!

Farewell to the deep-bosomed stream of the West!
I fling this loose blossom to float on its breast;
Nor let the dear love of its children grow cold,
Till the channel is dry where its waters have
rolled!

DECEMBER, 1854.

(To see our blankets off, no doubt,
And trot us out and show our paces).

They hint that papers by the score
Are rather musty kind of rations;
They don't exactly mean a bore,
But only trying to the patience;
That such as — you know who I mean —
Distinguished for their — what d' ye call 'em —
Should bring the dews of Hippocrene
To sprinkle on the faces solemn.

— The same old story; that 's the chaff
To catch the birds that sing the ditties;
Upon my soul, it makes me laugh
To read these letters from Committees!
They 're all *so* loving and *so* fair, —
All for *your* sake such kind compunction, —
'T would save your carriage half its wear
To touch its wheels with such an unction!

Why, who am I, to lift me here
And beg such learned folk to listen, —
To ask a smile, or coax a tear
Beneath these stoic lids to glisten?

Is not the bud I offer you,—
  Fresh gathered for the hour of meeting,—
Pale though its outer leaves may be,
  Rose-red in all its inner petals,
Where the warm life we cannot see—
  The life of love that gave it—settles?

We meet from regions far away,
  Like rills from distant mountains streaming;
The sun is on Francisco's bay
  O'er Chesapeake the lighthouse gleaming;
While summer girds the still bayou
  In chains of bloom, her bridal token,
Monadnock sees the sky grow blue,
  His crystal bracelet yet unbroken.

Yet Nature bears the self-same heart
  Beneath her russet-mantled bosom,
As where with burning lips apart
  She breathes, and white magnolias blossom;
The self-same founts her chalice fill
  With showery sunlight running over,
On fiery plain and frozen hill,
  On myrtle-beds and fields of clover

THE NEW EDEN.

MEETING OF THE BERKSHIRE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, AT STOCKBRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 13, 1854.

SCARCE could the parting ocean close,
  Seamed by the Mayflower's cleaving bow,
When o'er the rugged desert rose
  The waves that tracked the Pilgrim's plough.

Then sprang from many a rock-strewn field
  The rippling grass, the nodding grain,
Such growths as English meadows yield
  To scanty sun and frequent rain.

But when the fiery days were done,
  And Autumn brought his purple haze,
Then, kindling in the slanted sun,
  The hill-sides gleamed with golden maize.

The food was scant, the fruits were few.
  A red-streak glistened here and there,
Perchance in statelier precincts grew
  Some stern old Puritanic pear.

From when the flushing bud of June
  Dawns with its first auroral hue,
Till shines the rounded harvest-moon,
  And velvet dahlias drink the dew.

Nor these the only gifts she brings;
  Look where the laboring orchard groans,
And yields its beryl-threaded strings
  For chestnut burs and hemlock cones.

Dear though the shadowy maple be,
  And dearer still the whispering pine,
Dearest yon russet-laden tree
  Browned by the heavy rubbing kine!

There childhood flung its rustling stone,
  There venturous boyhood learned to climb,—
How well the early graft was known
  Whose fruit was ripe ere harvest time!

Nor be the Fleming's pride forgot,
  With swinging drops and drooping bells,
Freckled and splashed with streak and spot,
  On the warm-breasted, sloping swells;

For us the ambrosial pear displays
The wealth its arching branches hold,
Bathed by a hundred summery days
In floods of mingling fire and gold.

And here, where beauty's cheek of flame
With morning's earliest beam is fed,
The sunset-painted peach may claim
To rival its celestial red.

— What though in some unmoistened vale
The summer leaf grow brown and sere,
Say, shall our star of promise fail
That circles half the rolling sphere,

From beaches salt with bitter spray,
O'er prairies green with softest rain,
And ridges bright with evening's ray,
To rocks that shade the stormless main?

If by our slender-threaded streams
The blade and leaf and blossom die,
If, drained by noontide's parching beams,
The milky veins of Nature dry,

God keep the tempter from its gate!
God shield the children, lest they fall
From their stern fathers' free estate,—
Till Ocean is its only wall!

SEMICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY,

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22, 1855.

NEW ENGLAND, we love thee; no time can erase
From the hearts of thy children the smile on thy
face.
'T is the mother's fond look of affection and pride,
As she gives her fair son to the arms of his bride.

His bride may be fresher in beauty's young flower;
She may blaze in the jewels she brings with her
dower.
But passion must chill in Time's pitiless blast;
The one that first loved us will love to the last.

You have left the dear land of the lake and the
hill,
But its winds and its waters will talk with you still.
"Forget not," they whisper, "your love is our
debt,"
And echo breathes softly, "We never forget."

Here 's to all the good people, wherever they be,
Who have grown in the shade of the liberty-tree;
We all love its leaves, and its blossoms and fruit,
But pray have a care of the fence round its root.

We should like to talk big; it 's a kind of a right,
When the tongue has got loose and the waistband grown tight;
But, as pretty Miss Prudence remarked to her beau,
On its own heap of compost, no biddy should crow.

Enough! There are gentlemen waiting to talk,
Whose words are to mine as the flower to the stalk.
Stand by your old mother whatever befall;
God bless all her children! Good night to you all!

Look! The shadow on the dial
  Marks the hour of deadlier strife;
Days of terror, years of trial,
  Scourge a nation into life.
Lo, the youth, become her leader!
  All her baffled tyrants yield,
Through his arm the Lord hath freed her;
  Crown him on the tented field!

Vain is Empire's mad temptation;
  Not for him an earthly crown!
He whose sword hath freed a nation
  Strikes the offered sceptre down.
See the throneless Conqueror seated,
  Ruler by a people's choice,
See the Patriot's task completed,
  Hear the Father's dying voice!

"By the name that you inherit,
  By the sufferings you recall,
Cherish the fraternal spirit,
  Love your country first of all!
Listen not to idle questions
  If its bands may be untied,

Though youth flung around us its pride and its
charms,
We should see but the comrades we clasped in
our arms.

A health to our future, — a sigh for our past!
We love, we remember, we hope to the last;
And for all the base lies that the almanacs hold,
While we've youth in our hearts, we can never
grow old.

FOR THE MEETING OF THE BURNS CLUB.

The echoes sleep on Cheviot's hills,
That heard the bugles blowing
When down their sides the crimson rills
With mingled blood were flowing;
The hunts where gallant hearts were game,
The slashing on the border,
The raid that swooped with sword and flame,
Give place to "law and order."

Not while the rocking steeples reel
With midnight tocsins ringing,
Not while the crashing war-notes peal,
God sets his poets singing,
The bird is silent in the night,
Or shrieks a cry of warning
While fluttering round the beacon-light, —
But hear him greet the morning!

The lark of Scotia's morning sky!
Whose voice may sing his praises?
With Heaven's own sunlight in his eye,
He walked among the daisies,
Till through the cloud of fortune's wrong
He soared to fields of glory;

FOR THE BURNS CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

JANUARY 25, 1859.

His birthday. — Nay, we need not speak
The name each heart is beating, —
Each glistening eye and flushing cheek
In light and flame repeating!

We come in one tumultuous tide, —
One surge of wild emotion, —
As crowding through the Frith of Clyde
Rolls in the Western Ocean;

As when yon cloudless, quartered moon
Hangs o'er each storied river,
The swelling breasts of Ayr and Doon
With sea-green wavelets quiver.

The century shrivels like a scroll, —
The past becomes the present, —
And face to face, and soul to soul,
We greet the monarch-peasant.

We love him, praise him, just for this:
  In every form and feature,
Through wealth and want, through woe
    and bliss,
  He saw his fellow-creature!

No soul could sink beneath his love, —
  Not even angel blasted;
No mortal power could soar above
  The pride that all outlasted!

Ay! Heaven had set one living man
  Beyond the pedant's tether, —
His virtues, frailties, HE may scan,
  Who weighs them all together!

I fling my pebble on the cairn
  Of him, though dead, undying,
Sweet Nature's nursling, bonniest bairn
  Beneath her daisies lying.

The waning suns, the wasting globe,
  Shall spare the minstrel's story, —
The centuries weave his purple robe,
  The mountain mist of glory!

No medal lifts its fretted face,
  Nor speaking marble cheats your eye,
Yet, while these pictured lines I trace,
  A living image passes by:

A roof beneath the mountain pines;
  The cloisters of a hill-girt plain;
The front of life's embattled lines;
  A mound beside the heaving main.

These are the scenes. a boy appears,
  Set life's round dial in the sun,
Count the swift arc of seventy years,
  His frame is dust, his task is done.

Yet pause upon the noontide hour,
  Ere the declining sun has laid
His bleaching rays on manhood's power,
  And look upon the mighty shade.

No gloom that stately shape can hide,
  No change uncrown its brow; behold!
Dark, calm, large-fronted, lightning-eyed.
  Earth has no double from its mould!

Death's cold white hand is like the snow
Laid softly on the furrowed hill,
It hides the broken seams below,
And leaves the summit brighter still.

In vain the envious tongue upbraids;
His name a nation's heart shall keep
Till morning's latest sunlight fades
On the blue tablet of the deep!

We find her at her stately door, and in her ancient chair,
Dressed in the robes of red and green she always loved to wear.
Her eye has all its radiant youth, her cheek its morning flame;
We drop our roses as we go, hers flourish still the same.

We have been playing many an hour, and far away we 've strayed,
Some laughing in the cheerful sun, some lingering in the shade,
And some have tired, and laid them down where darker shadows fall, —
Dear as her loving voice may be, they cannot hear its call.

What miles we 've travelled since we shook the dewdrops from our shoes
We gathered on this classic green, so famed for heavy dues!
How many boys have joined the game, how many slipped away,

A thousand trains that flap the sky with flags of
rushing fire,
And, throbbing in the Thunderer's hand, Thought's
million-chorded lyre.

We 've seen the sparks of Empire fly beyond the
mountain bars,
Till, glittering o'er the Western wave, they joined
the setting stars;
And ocean trodden into paths that trampling
giants ford,
To find the planet's vertebræ and sink its spinal
cord.

We 've tried reform, — and chloroform, — and
both have turned our brain;
When France called up the photograph, we roused
the foe to pain;
Just so those earlier sages shared the chaplet of
renown, —
Hers sent a bladder to the clouds, ours brought
their lightning down.

We 've seen the little tricks of life, its varnish and
veneer,

The wisest was a Freshman once, just freed from
bar and bolt,
As noisy as a kettle-drum, as leggy as a colt;
Don't be too savage with the boys,—the Primer
does not say
The kitten ought to go to church because "the
cat doth prey"

The law of merit and of age is not the rule of
three;
Non constat that A. M. must prove as busy as A. B.
When Wise the father tracked the son, ballooning
through the skies,
He taught a lesson to the old,—go thou and do
like Wise!

Now then, old boys, and reverend youth, of high
or low degree,
Remember how we only get one annual out of
three,
And such as dare to simmer down three dinners
into one
Must cut their salads mighty short, and pepper
well with fun.

THE PARTING SONG.

FESTIVAL OF THE ALUMNI, 1857.

THE noon of summer sheds its ray
On Harvard's holy ground,
The Matron calls, the sons obey,
And gather smiling round

CHORUS. — Then old and young together stand,
The sunshine and the snow,
As heart to heart and hand in hand,
We sing before we go!

Her hundred opening doors have swung,
Through every storied hall
The pealing echoes loud have rung,
"Thrice welcome one and all!"
Then old and young, etc.

We floated through her peaceful bay,
To sail life's stormy seas,

BOSTON COMMON. — THREE PICTURES.

(FOR THE FAIR IN AID OF THE FUND TO PROCURE BALL'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.)

1630.

ALL overgrown with bush and fern,
  And straggling clumps of tangled trees,
With trunks that lean and boughs that turn,
  Bent eastward by the mastering breeze, —
With spongy bogs that drip and fill
  A yellow pond with muddy rain,
Beneath the shaggy southern hill
  Lies wet and low the Shawmut plain.
And hark! the trodden branches crack;
  A crow flaps off with startled scream;
A straying woodchuck canters back,
  A bittern rises from the stream,
Leaps from his lair a frightened deer;
  An otter plunges in the pool; —
Here comes old Shawmut's pioneer,
  The parson on his brindled bull!

And, sunlike, from her Beacon-height
  The dome-crowned city spreads her rays;
They span the waves, they belt the plains,
  They skirt the roads with bands of white,
Till with a flash of gilded panes
  Yon farthest hill-side bounds the sight.
Peace, Freedom, Wealth! no fairer view,
  Though with the wild-bird's restless wings
We sailed beneath the noontide's blue
  Or chased the moonlight's endless rings!
Here, fitly raised by grateful hands
  His holiest memory to recall,
The Hero's, Patriot's image stands;
  He led our sires who won them all!

NOVEMBER 14, 1859.

When the young couple, old folks, rogues, and
all,
Join hands, *so* happy at the curtain's fall.
Here suffering virtue ever finds relief,
And black-browed ruffians always come to grief.
When the lorn damsel, with a frantic screech,
And cheeks as hueless as a brandy-peach,
Cries, "Help, kyind Heaven!" and drops upon
her knees
On the green — baize, — beneath the (canvas)
trees, —
See to her side avenging Valor fly: —
"Ha! Villain! Draw! Now, Terraitorr, yield or
die!"
When the poor hero flounders in despair,
Some dear lost uncle turns up millionnaire,
Clasps the young scapegrace with paternal joy,
Sobs on his neck, "*My boy!* MY BOY!! MY
BOY!!!"

Ours, then, sweet friends, the real world to-night,
Of love that conquers in disaster's spite.
Ladies attend! While woful cares and doubt
Wrong the soft passion in the world without,

Bare-armed, swart-visaged, gaunt, and shaggy browed,
Rudolph the headsman rose above the crowd.
His falchion lightened with a sudden gleam,
As the pike's armor flashes in the stream.
He sheathed his blade; he turned as if to go;
The victim knelt, still waiting for the blow.
"Why strikest not? Perform thy murderous act,"
The prisoner said. (His voice was slightly cracked.)
"Friend, I *have* struck," the artist straight replied;
"Wait but one moment, and yourself decide."
He held his snuff-box, — "Now then, if you please!"
The prisoner sniffed, and, with a crashing sneeze,
Off his head tumbled, — bowled along the floor, —
Bounced down the steps, — the prisoner said no more!

Woman! thy falchion is a glittering eye;
If death lurk in it, O, how sweet to die!
Thou takest hearts as Rudolph took the head;
We die with love, and never dream we 're dead!

Bare-armed, swart-visaged, gaunt, and shaggy-browed,
Rudolph the headsman rose above the crowd.
His falchion lightened with a sudden gleam,
As the pike's armor flashes in the stream.
He sheathed his blade; he turned as if to go;
The victim knelt, still waiting for the blow.
"Why strikest not? Perform thy murderous act,"
The prisoner said. (His voice was slightly cracked.)
"Friend, I *have* struck," the artist straight replied;
"Wait but one moment, and yourself decide."
He held his snuff-box, — "Now then, if you please!"
The prisoner sniffed, and, with a crashing sneeze,
Off his head tumbled, — bowled along the floor, —
Bounced down the steps, — the prisoner said no more!

Woman! thy falchion is a glittering eye;
If death lurk in it, O, how sweet to die!
Thou takest hearts as Rudolph took the head;
We die with love, and never dream we 're dead!

Bare-armed, swart-visaged, gaunt, and shaggy-browed,
Rudolph the headsman rose above the crowd.
His falchion lightened with a sudden gleam,
As the pike's armor flashes in the stream.
He sheathed his blade; he turned as if to go;
The victim knelt, still waiting for the blow.
"Why strikest not? Perform thy murderous act,"
The prisoner said. (His voice was slightly cracked.)
"Friend, I *have* struck," the artist straight replied;
"Wait but one moment, and yourself decide."
He held his snuff-box, — "Now then, if you please!"
The prisoner sniffed, and, with a crashing sneeze,
Off his head tumbled, — bowled along the floor, —
Bounced down the steps; — the prisoner said no more!

Woman! thy falchion is a glittering eye;
If death lurk in it, O, how sweet to die!
Thou takest hearts as Rudolph took the head;
We die with love, and never dream we 're dead!

O, you 're grabbed! See his claw on your sleeve,
on your sleeve!
It is Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea!
You 're a Christian, no doubt you believe, you
believe:
You 're a martyr, whatever you be!

—Is the breakfast-hour past? They must wait,
they must wait,
While the coffee boils sullenly down,
While the Johnny-cake burns on the grate, on the
grate,
And the toast is done frightfully brown.

—Yes, your dinner will keep; let it cool, let it
cool,
And Madam may worry and fret,
And children half-starved go to school, go to
school;
He can't think of sparing you yet.

—Hark! the bell for the train! "Come along!
Come along!
For there is n't a second to lose."

I have walked like a lamb by the friend, by the
friend,
That stuck to my skirts like a burr;
I have borne the stale talk without end, without
end,
Of the sitter whom nothing could stir:

But my hamstrings grow loose, and I shake, and
I shake,
At the sight of the dreadful Old Man;
Yea, I quiver and quake, and I take, and I take,
To my legs with what vigor I can!

O the dreadful Old Man of the Sea, of the Sea!
He 's come back like the wandering Jew!
He has had his cold claw upon me, upon me,—
And be sure that he 'll have it on you!

While the tapestry lengthens the life-glowing dyes
That caught from our sunsets the stain of their skies!

In the alcoves of death, in the charnels of time,
Where flit the gaunt spectres of passion and crime,
There are triumphs untold, there are martyrs unsung,
There are heroes yet silent to speak with his tongue!

Let us hear the proud story which time has bequeathed!
From lips that are warm with the freedom they breathed!
Let him summon its tyrants, and tell us their doom,
Though he sweep the black past like Van Tromp with his broom!

• • • • • • • •

The dream flashes by, for the west-winds awake
On pampas, on prairie, o'er mountain and lake,

AT A BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL.

TO J. R. LOWELL.

We will not speak of years to-night, —
  For what have years to bring
But larger floods of love and light,
  And sweeter songs to sing?

We will not drown in wordy praise
  The kindly thoughts that rise;
If Friendship own one tender phrase,
  He reads it in our eyes.

We need not waste our schoolboy art
  To gild this notch of Time, —
Forgive me if my wayward heart
  Has throbbed in artless rhyme.

Enough for him the silent grasp
  That knits us hand in hand,
And he the bracelet's radiant clasp
  That locks our circling band.

AT A BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL.

TO J. R. LOWELL.

We will not speak of years to-night, —
  For what have years to bring
But larger floods of love and light,
  And sweeter songs to sing?

We will not drown in wordy praise
  The kindly thoughts that rise;
If Friendship own one tender phrase,
  He reads it in our eyes.

We need not waste our schoolboy art
  To gild this notch of Time, —
Forgive me if my wayward heart
  Has throbbed in artless rhyme.

Enough for him the silent grasp
  That knits us hand in hand,
And he the bracelet's radiant clasp
  That locks our circling band.

A BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE.

TO J. F. CLARKE.

Who is the shepherd sent to lead,
  Through pastures green, the Master's sheep?
What guileless "Israelite indeed"
  The folded flock may watch and keep?

He who with manliest spirit joins
  The heart of gentlest human mould,
With burning light and girded loins,
  To guide the flock, or watch the fold;

True to all Truth the world denies,
  Not tongue-tied for its gilded sin;
Not always right in all men's eyes,
  But faithful to the light within;

Who asks no meed of earthly fame,
  Who knows no earthly master's call,
Who hopes for man, through guilt and shame,
  Still answering, "God is over all,"

Here let him sleeping lie,
Till Heaven's bright watchers slumber in the sky,
And Death himself shall die!

NAUSHON, SEPTEMBER 22, 1858.

Dust unto dust! the lips are still
  That only spoke to cheer and bless;
The folded hands lie white and chill
  Unclasped from sorrow's last caress.

Leave him in peace, he will not heed
  These idle tears we vainly pour,
Give back to earth the fading weed
  Of mortal shape his spirit wore.

"Shall I not weep my heartstrings torn,
  My flower of love that falls half blown,
My youth uncrowned, my life forlorn,
  A thorny path to walk alone?"

O Mary! one who bore thy name,
  Whose Friend and Master was divine,
Sat waiting silent till He came,
  Bowed down in speechless grief like thine.

"Where have ye laid him?" "Come," they say,
  Pointing to where the loved one slept;
Weeping, the sister led the way, —
  And, seeing Mary, "Jesus wept."

Dust unto dust! the lips are still
  That only spoke to cheer and bless;
The folded hands lie white and chill
  Unclasped from sorrow's last caress.

Leave him in peace; he will not heed
  These idle tears we vainly pour,
Give back to earth the fading weed
  Of mortal shape his spirit wore.

"Shall I not weep my heartstrings torn,
  My flower of love that falls half blown,
My youth uncrowned, my life forlorn,
  A thorny path to walk alone?"

O Mary! one who bore thy name,
  Whose Friend and Master was divine,
Sat waiting silent till He came,
  Bowed down in speechless grief like thine.

"Where have ye laid him?" "Come," they say,
  Pointing to where the loved one slept;
Weeping, the sister led the way, —
  And, seeing Mary, "Jesus wept."

Those grand specifics Nature gave
  Were never poised by weights or scales!

God lent his creatures light and air,
  And waters open to the skies;
Man locks him in a stifling lair,
  And wonders why his brother dies!

In vain our pitying tears are shed,
  In vain we rear the sheltering pile
Where Art weeds out from bed to bed
  The plagues we planted by the mile!

Be that the glory of the past;
  With these our sacred toils begin:
So flies in tatters from its mast
  The yellow flag of sloth and sin,

And lo! the starry folds reveal
  The *blazoned truth we hold so dear:*
To guard is better than to heal, —
  The shield is nobler than the spear!

Those grand specifics Nature gave
  Were never poised by weights or scales!

God lent his creatures light and air,
  And waters open to the skies;
Man locks him in a stifling lair,
  And wonders why his brother dies!

In vain our pitying tears are shed,
  In vain we rear the sheltering pile
Where Art weeds out from bed to bed
  The plagues we planted by the mile!

Be that the glory of the past;
  With these our sacred toils begin:
So flies in tatters from its mast
  The yellow flag of sloth and sin,

And lo! the starry folds reveal
  The blazoned truth we hold so dear:
To guard is better than to heal, —
  The shield is nobler than the spear!

—"And who is Avis?"—Hear the tale
  The calm-voiced matrons gravely tell,—
The story known through all the vale
  Where Avis and her sisters dwell.

With the lost children *running wild*,
  Strayed from the hand of human care,
They find one little refuse child
  Left helpless in its poisoned lair.

The primal mark is on her face,—
  The chattel-stamp,—the pariah-stain
That follows still her hunted race,—
  The curse without the crime of Cain.

How shall our smooth-turned phrase relate
  The little suffering outcast's ail?
Not Lazarus at the rich man's gate
  So turned the rose-wreathed revellers pale.

Ah, veil the living death from sight
  That wounds our beauty-loving eye!
The children turn in selfish fright,
  The white-lipped nurses hurry by.

The pleasures thou hast planned, —
Where shall their memory be
When the white angel with the freezing hand
Shall sit and watch by thee?

Living, thou dost not live,
If mercy's spring run dry;
What Heaven has lent thee wilt thou freely give,
Dying, thou shalt not die!

He promised even so!
To thee His lips repeat, —
Behold, the tears that soothed thy sister's woe
Have washed thy Master's feet!

March 20, 1859.

What though their angry cry is flung
  Across the howling wave, —
They smite the air with idle tongue
  The gathering storm who brave;
Enough of speech! the trumpet rings;
  Be silent, patient, calm, —
God help them if the tempest swings
  The pine against the palm!

Our toilsome years have made us tame;
  Our strength has slept unfelt;
The furnace-fire is slow to flame
  That bids our ploughshares melt;
'T is hard to lose the bread they win
  In spite of Nature's frowns, —
To drop the iron threads we spin
  That weave our web of towns,

To see the rusting turbines stand
  Before the emptied flumes,
To fold the arms that flood the land
  With rivers from their looms, —
But harder still for those who learn
  The truth forgot so long;

BROTHER JONATHAN'S LAMENT FOR SISTER CAROLINE.

She has gone, — she has left us in passion and pride, —
Our stormy-browed sister, so long at our side!
She has torn her own star from our firmament's glow,
And turned on her brother the face of a foe!

O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
We can never forget that our hearts have been one, —
Our foreheads both sprinkled in Liberty's name,
From the fountain of blood with the finger of flame!

You were always too ready to fire at a touch;
But we said, "She is hasty, — she does not mean much."
We have scowled, when you uttered some turbulent threat;

BROTHER JONATHAN'S LAMENT FOR SISTER CAROLINE

She has gone, — she has left us in passion and pride, —
Our stormy-browed sister, so long at our side!
She has torn her own star from our firmament's glow,
And turned on her brother the face of a foe!

O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
We can never forget that our hearts have been one, —
Our foreheads both sprinkled in Liberty's name,
From the fountain of blood with the finger of flame!

You were always too ready to fire at a touch;
But we said, "She is hasty, — she does not mean *much.*"
We have scowled, when you uttered some turbulent threat;

Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky:
Man breaks not the medal, when God cuts the die!
Though darkened with sulphur, though cloven with steel,
The blue arch will brighten, the waters will heal!

O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
There are battles with Fate that can never be won!
The star-flowering banner must never be furled,
For its blossoms of light are the hope of the world!

Go, then, our rash sister! afar and aloof,
Run wild in the sunshine away from our roof;
But when your heart aches and your feet have grown sore,
Remember the pathway that leads to our door!

March 25, 1861.

What if the storm-clouds blow?
What if the green leaves fall?
Better the crashing tempest's throe
Than the army of worms that gnawed below;
Trample them one and all!

Then, when the battle is won,
And the land from traitors free,
Our children shall tell of the strife begun
When Liberty's second April sun
Was bright on our brave old tree!

Lord, let War's tempest cease,
Fold the whole Earth in peace
Under Thy wings!
Make all Thy nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till Thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of kings!

Freedom! sweet Freedom! our voices resound,
Queen by God's blessing, unsceptred, uncrowned!
Freedom, sweet Freedom, our pulses repeat,
Warm with her life-blood, as long as they beat!

Fold the broad banner-stripes over her breast,—
Crown her with star-jewels Queen of the West!
Earth for her heritage, God for her friend,
She shall reign over us, world without end!

Freedom! sweet Freedom! our voices resound,
Queen by God's blessing, unsceptred, uncrowned!
Freedom, sweet Freedom, our pulses repeat,
Warm with her life-blood, as long as they beat!

Fold the broad banner-stripes over her breast,—
Crown her with star-jewels Queen of the West!
Earth for her heritage, God for her friend,
She shall reign over us, world without end!

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till Peace shall reign,—
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, PRAISE TO THEE!

Let each unhallowed cause that brings
The stern destroyer cease,
Thy flaming angel fold his wings,
And seraphs whisper Peace!

Thine are the sceptre and the sword,
Stretch forth Thy mighty hand, —
Reign Thou our kingless nation's Lord,
Rule Thou our throneless land!

The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern snows,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister Stars of Liberty!
  Then hail the banner of the free,
  The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round,
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea!
  Then hail the banner of the free,
  The starry Flower of Liberty.

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew, —
And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!
  Then hail the banner of the free,
  The starry FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

Bring him the buttonless garment of woman!
Cover his face lest it freckle and tan;
Muster the Apron-string Guards on the Common,
That is the corps for the sweet little man!

Give him for escort a file of young misses,
Each of them armed with a deadly rattan;
They shall defend him from laughter and hisses,
Aimed by low boys at the sweet little man.

All the fair maidens about him shall cluster,
Pluck the white feathers from bonnet and fan,
Make him a plume like a turkey-wing duster, —
That is the crest for the sweet little man!

O, but the Apron-string Guards are the fellows!
Drilling each day since our troubles began, —
"Handle your walking-sticks!" "Shoulder umbrellas!"
That is the style for the sweet little man.

Have we a nation to save? In the first place
Saving ourselves is the sensible plan, —

When the brown soldiers come back from the borders,
How will he look while his features they scan?
How will he feel when he gets marching orders,
Signed by his lady love? sweet little man!

Fear not for him, though the rebels expect him, —
Life is too precious to shorten its span;
Woman her broomstick shall raise to protect him,
Will she not fight for the sweet little man!

Now then, nine cheers for the Stay-at-home Ranger!
Blow the great fish-horn and beat the big pan!
First in the field that is farthest from danger,
Take your white-feather plume, sweet little man!

Sister in trial! who shall count
  Thy generous friendship's claim,
Whose blood ran mingling in the fount
  That gave our land its name,
Till Yorktown saw in blended line
  Our conquering arms advance,
And victory's double garlands twine
  Our banners? VIVE LA FRANCE!

O land of heroes! in our need
  One gift from Heaven we crave
To stanch these wounds that vainly bleed,—
  The wise to lead the brave!
Call back one Captain of thy past
  From glory's marble trance,
Whose name shall be a bugle-blast
  To rouse us! VIVE LA FRANCE!

Pluck Condé's baton from the trench,
  Wake up stout Charles Martel,
Or find some woman's hand to clench
  The sword of La Pucelle!
Give us one hour of old Turenne,—
  One lift of Bayard's lance,—

UNION AND LIBERTY.

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne *through their battle-fields' thunder* and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!
Up with our banner bright, etc.

POEMS REPRINTED FROM
"HUMOROUS POEMS, 1865."

Through buntlines, bowlines, ratlines, till it shrills
An alto keener than the locust sings,
And all the great Æolian orchestra
Storms out its mad sonata in the gale!
Is not the scene a wondrous and —

MAN AT WHEEL.

Avast!

CABIN PASSENGER.

Ah yes, a vast, a vast and wondrous scene!
I see thy soul is open as the day
That holds the sunshine in its azure bowl
To all the solemn glories of the deep.
Tell me, O mariner, dost thou never feel
The grandeur of thine office, — to control
The keel that cuts the ocean like a knife
And leaves a wake behind it like a seam
In the great shining garment of the world?

MAN AT WHEEL.

Belay y'r jaw, y' swab! y' hoss-marine!
(*To the Captain.*)
Ay, ay, Sir! Stiddy, Sir! Sou'wes' b' sou'!

NOVEMBER 10, 1864

Come tell us, shipmates, ef y' can,
Was there ever a crew sence th' worl' began
That sech a wallopin' had to stan'
'z them poor fellahs th't tried t' man
The great Chicago catamaran!

Wahl, this is what y' 've hed t' do, —
T' lick 'em, — but not t' drown 'em too
There's some good fellahs, 'n' not a few
That's a swimmin' about, all chilled 'n' blue,
'n' wants t' be h'isted aboard o' you!

Come, drowning foes! your friends we'll be, —
We've licked! Haw! haw! You're licked! Hee! hee!
Hooraw for you! Hooraw for we!
We'll wait till the whole wide land is free,
And then we'll have our JUBILEE!

NOVEMBER 12, 1864.

The forests bow to greet him,
It thrills the spinal column
Of fossil fishes solemn,
And glaciers crawl the faster
To the feet of their old master!

Heaven keep him well and hearty,
Both him and all his party!
From the sun that broils and smites,
From the centipede that bites,
From the hail-storm and the thunder,
From the vampire and the condor,
From the gust upon the river,
From the sudden earthquake shiver,
From the trip of mule or donkey,
From the midnight howling monkey,
From the stroke of knife or dagger,
From the puma, and the jaguar,
From the horrid boa-constrictor
That has scared us in the pictur',
From the Indians of the Pampas
Who would dine upon their grampas,
From every beast and vermin
That to think of sets us squirming,

May he find the monstrous reptile
That so long the land has kept ill
By Grant and Sherman throttled,
And by Father Abraham bottled,
(All specked and streaked and mottled
With the scars of murderous battles,
Where he clashed the iron rattles
That gods and men he shook at,)
For all the world to look at!

God bless the great Professor!
And Madam too, God bless her!
Bless him and all his band,
On the sea and on the land,
As they sail, ride, walk, and stand,—
Bless them head and heart and hand,
Till their glorious raid is o'er,
And they touch our ransomed shore!
Then the welcome of a nation,
With its shout of exultation,
Shall awake the dumb creation,
And the shapes of buried æons
Join the living creatures' pæans,
While the mighty megalosaurus